THE

H[illegible]D'S GUIDE.

Elliott

Julius Penn's
Books, &c.
Plymouth 1837

FRONTISPIECE

THE LISTENER.

"The dog had lifted the bed-clothes with his nose, and discovered the naughty girl."—p. 82.

THE

CHILD'S GUIDE:

COMPRISING

FAMILIAR LESSONS,

DESIGNED TO AID IN

CORRECT READING, SPELLING, DEFINING, THINKING AND ACTING.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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PREFACE.

It is the design of the compiler of this little volume to present a selection of lessons of such a character as shall be pleasing to children, assist them in learning to read, spell, and define correctly, and induce a habit of reading for ideas. It has also been a leading object, so to adapt and apply the lessons, as to exert the best possible moral influence.

In using the work, when a class is called on to read, let them in the first place spell and define the most difficult words in the lesson. When a word is spelled incorrectly, let it be put to another scholar; and when properly spelled, let the whole class spell it together, keeping time with each other.

While a class is reading, the closest attention should be given by each scholar; and if any one pronounces a word improperly, let the others correct him; and the one who does it most promptly should be commended. If any scholar reads with a monotonous tone, not placing the emphasis properly, let the next read the same sentence; if not read well by him, let another take it; and if none of the scholars appear likely to do the sentence justice, the teacher should read it himself; then let the scholars read it after him, and in general they will readily imitate his manner. It is certainly much better that a class should spend fifteen minutes in learning to read one sentence with propriety, than that they should go over a whole lesson in the same time, without making any improvement.

A great fault in the reading of many children, and many adults, is, a habit of pronouncing the words in an indistinct and hurried manner. To prevent or cure this habit, let the pupil be required frequently to read short sentences as slowly and distinctly as possible.

One mode here adopted of teaching definitions is, requiring the pupils to tell the opposite of words. This exercise has always been found profitable and gratifying to children. Some of the most difficult words have the definitions given. In reciting these, the teacher should occasionally repeat a definition, and require the pupil to supply the word which it defines.

A few of the questions at the end of the lessons are designed to assist in conveying definite ideas of words which have occurred. In answering these, the scholar will apply many of those words which are, and others which are not, defined in this book,—frequently in a different connection from that in which they are used in the lesson, though always with the same meaning. It is thought that one definition of a word is usually sufficient to be learned by a young scholar at once. To attempt to make a child understand and remember half a dozen different definitions of the same word, is worse than useless. If a taste for reading is formed, the pupil will acquire a knowledge of the different meanings of a word, by seeing it used to express different ideas. Few peo-

ple owe their knowledge of common English words to having committed numerous definitions to memory.

A part of the questions are designed as examples of the manner in which the teacher should draw from every lesson and every occurrence, such practical instructions as they may suggest. Let it not be forgotten, that "knowledge is power" to do mischief as well as to do good; and that the child's future usefulness and happiness depend less on the intellectual than on the moral culture of which he is the subject; and that consequently every instructor is under the most imperious obligations to inculcate and cherish correct moral principles.

This may sometimes be done with happy success by dwelling on traits of character developed in a lesson. The little pupils should be led to contrast those who exhibit benevolent and amiable feelings with those who manifest opposite dispositions. This will often produce permanent impressions of the most salutary kind.

Too great pains cannot be taken to prevent the formation of a "habit of reading without thinking. Scarcely any thing can be a greater obstacle to the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge, and of vigorous habits of investigation. If these are not acquired, the mind will generally become a prey to frivolity and intellectual idleness: and it is well if it do not also resign itself to low pursuits and sensual indulgence."*

To prevent the pupils from acquiring this habit, they should be questioned as to the subject of each lesson, whether questions are annexed to it or not. And if they have not retained the most prominent thoughts, they should read the same lesson again.

The printed questions may be varied, or a part of them omitted, at the discretion of the teacher. It is hoped, however, that the teacher's discretion will usually suggest many *additional* questions and *practical remarks*.

In asking the questions, it may be well frequently to put them to a whole class, letting those answer who can do it most readily. At other times, the questions should be proposed to all the members of the class in turn, that none may pass unobserved if inattentive.—It is not, however, to be expected that correct answers will always be given; the teacher should make the best of those that are imperfect, and not hastily or harshly find fault with the pupil.

The teacher should know the dimensions of the school-room, in order to have a standard by which to give the pupils correct ideas of the size of animals, &c. He should at all times use unwearied exertions to give the school exercises as much variety as possible, and to render them interesting to the pupils. For, "let scholastics declaim as they may, if children are to receive instruction to advantage, it must be given in a pleasing form."

But few of the pieces selected for this volume have appeared in any former school-book.

August, 1830.

* BABINGTON.

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THE

CHILD'S GUIDE.

LESSON I.

HOW SCHOLARS SHOULD READ.

THE *first* thing little boys and girls should think of, when they begin to *read*, is, whether what they read can be *plainly heard* by every one in the room. You know, children, that you may be *heard*, and yet not be *plainly* heard.

I have known *some* children read in such a way, that when I was sitting at the other side of the *room*, their voices sounded much like the buzz of a *humble-bee*, and I could not tell what they were reading *about*.

I suppose your teacher has read the *preface* to this book; and if so, I think you will be taught to read *very distinctly*. *Distinctly* means *plainly*. Now you cannot do this, unless you read *slowly*. When *I* used to go to school, I found these *lines* in my book:—

"Learn to speak *slow;* all other graces
Will follow in their proper places."

I am *sure* that no one can read very *fast*, and very *well*.

The *next* thing in reading is, to place the *emphasis* on the right words. Perhaps you do not know what *emphasis* means. I will *tell* you. When you place the *emphasis* on a word, you speak it *more strongly* than the other words.

If you were sent to the *door*, to call a boy whose name was *James*, perhaps you would say, "*James*, the teacher says you must come *in*." Here you would place the emphasis on the words *James* and *in*. The words on which the *emphasis* is placed, are called the *emphatical* words. Most of the emphatical words in *this book* are printed in *Italics*, like the words *James* and *in*.

One thing more I wish you to remember; and that is, to notice the *stops*. At a *comma*, you should make quite a *short* stop: not longer than you would be in speaking the word—*and*. At a *semicolon*, or a *colon*, you should stop a little *longer* than at a *comma;* and at a *period*, longer *still*.

You will not often *find* a *book*, in which *all* the stops are just as they *should* be; you should therefore make the same stops when you *read*, as when you *talk*. You should also *speak your words*, when reading, as when talking.

LESSON II.

SCHOLARS SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY READ.

I hope every scholar, who uses this book, will try to *understand* what he reads. The *hardest* words in many of these lessons, are *defined* at the

beginning of them. To *define* a word is to tell what it *means*.

You will also find words at the beginning of some lessons, which *you* are to define, by naming words which have a meaning *exactly opposite*.

I suppose your teacher will *question* you, when you have read a lesson *through*, as to what it is *about*. *Some* of the lessons have questions *printed* at the *end*.

It will do you little, or no *good*, to read any thing of which you do not know the *meaning*. I have known *some* boys and girls, who were so foolish as to wish to read in the oldest class in *school*, in hard reading, who yet could not read a very simple *story*, as it *ought* to be read.

Now don't you think a scholar appears very much like a *dunce*, who thinks he ought to read in difficult lessons, written perhaps by *Milton*, and *other* great *poets*, before he knows any thing about the *words* they use? I hope *you* will never be guilty of such *folly*.

Your teacher may *sometimes* think it best, that you should read over the *same* lesson, two or three times. You ought not to have a *new* lesson, till you can *spell* all the words in the *old* one, and tell what the lesson is *about*.

LESSON III.

THE GIRL WHO ATE TOO MUCH.

Bess was a fine girl of eight years old, who could *run*, and *jump*, and *play*, for *hours*. She

was strong and well, and might have been so for a *long time*, if she had been *good*, and done as she was *bid*. But she was too fond of *cakes*, and would eat all she could *find;* and she would eat *fruit* that was not *ripe*.

Her mother bid her not to *eat* so much, or some day she would be made *sick* by the trash she put down her throat; but Bess would not *mind* her. So one day she became very *sick*, and was put to *bed*, and she had *pills* to take, which she did not *like*.

She was sick eight long *days*, and lay in *bed* all that time in a dark *room*. She had such a pain in her *head*, that she could not bear to see the *light*, or hear the *birds* sing. When she got up at last, she could not *stand* or *walk*, she was so *weak*. She could not run, or jump, or play, for a *long* time; nor could she run in the *fields*, or eat *ripe* fruit with the *good* boys and girls.

But while she was *ill*, and could not *sleep* at *night*, she *thought* a great deal; and she found that those who told her not to *eat* too much were good *friends* to her, and that she had done *wrong* not to *mind* them.

When Bess was quite *well*, she took great *care* about what she *ate*, and to do all that she was *bid* to do: so she grew *strong*, and was soon able to *walk* and *run* again.

What was Bess too fond of? What would she eat? Was she sick? How long? What did she think of while she was sick?

THE GREEDY GIRL.

"Her mother bid her not to *eat* so much,—but Bess would not *mind* her."—p. 12.

LITTLE CHARLES.

"He said, 'I will not go to school; I will play with the *cat* at home,"—p. 14.

LESSON IV.

DEFINITIONS.

Weak, not strong.
Impudent, saucy.
Fierce, furious, cruel.
Prints. pictures.

What is the opposite of Sick? Of Tall? Of Hard? First? Down?

LITTLE CHARLES.

Charles was eight years old, and did not know how to *read* or *write;* this would have been a great *shame*, had it been quite his own *fault;* but it was *not*. His old *aunt*, in whose *house* he was, lay sick in *bed* more than half the *year*, and was too weak to *teach* him; nor did she send him to *school*, till her *maid*, *Grace*, told her that he was grown so *impudent* that she could not *bear* him.

Then his aunt told Grace to take the boy *out* with her, and leave him at *school*. The *first* day he went with good *will;* but when he was *there*, and found what he had to *do*, he did not *like* it. So the *next* day, when Grace put on her *cloak* to go *with* him, he said, "I will not *go* to school; I will play with the *cat* at *home*."

Grace said, "You *must* go," and took his hand. But he gave her a hard *slap*, and said, "*No*, I *won't*." So Grace said no more, but went out of the room, and soon came back with a *great*, *tall*,

strong man, to whom she said "take up that *child* and come with *me*."

The man did as he was *bid;* and Charles did not dare to *strike* him, for he had a fierce *look* and a large *stick*. So Charles was brought to school in the man's *arms;* and it made all the boys *laugh* to see him put down on the *floor* like a bag of *corn*.

Grace said it was the way he should go the *next* day, if he was not a good *boy*. Charles saw there was no *help* for him, so he thought it best to do at *once* what he was *bid*.

At last he found out it was a good *thing* to go to school and learn; for his poor old aunt was so glad, when she heard he could *spell* and *read*, that she gave him *books* with *prints* in them, of *men*, and *beasts*, and *birds*, and *trees*.

When Charles had got so far that he could *write* and *cipher*, his aunt was so kind as to buy a *horse* for him to ride in the *fields*, and up and down the *hills* that were near her house. So he found it was well for him to do as his aunt wished to *have* him.

LESSON V.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS KIND TO OTHERS.

Ann was a child of five years old, who was *good* and *kind* to *all*. The girls who went to school with her were *fond* of her; and the beasts and birds around the house would *come* when they heard her *voice*. All the fowls in the yard would run to

her as soon as they *saw* her: and she was glad when she got leave to *feed* them.

One day when she came home from school she met her *mother*, who gave her a *cake;* and as it was a fine day she went to the *field* at the back of the house to *eat* it.

She had just sat down by the *fence*, when a poor thin *dog* came to look at her; she gave him a small bit of her *cake*, and saw him *eat* it and wag his *tail.* Then an old man came out of a poor hut to *call* the dog; and Ann saw that *he* too was thin, and pale, and sick.

So she gave *him* a large piece of her cake; and he said, "*Thank* you, good child!" and *ate* it, and told her that it did him *good.* The old man and his dog then went back to the hut, and Ann ate the small bit of cake that was *left*, and felt much better than if she had eaten the *whole.*

Yet she was fond of *cakes;* and I am not *sure*, if the old man and his dog had been *fat* and *strong*, that she would have thought of giving them a *bit*, as they did not *ask* for it; but she saw that they were in great *want*, which put her in mind to *share* with them.

It was not long before Ann had *another* cake. As soon as she had *got* it, she went to look for the old *man* and his *dog*, but could not *find* them; and she met a boy who told her that they were grown *fat* and *well*, and were gone to their own *home*, a great way *off.*

LESSON VI.

THE GIRL WHO TOLD LIES.

Rose was a *sad* girl. She did not tell the *truth;* no one could trust to a word she *said;* and she had got such a bad *name*, that if some one said, 'Rose told me the grapes were *ripe*,' some one *else* would say, 'Then I am sure they are *not* ripe, for Rose does not tell the *truth*.'

One morning when there was a hard *frost*, as she ran by the road side, her *foot* slid on some *ice*, and she fell *down*. She felt a great pain in one *leg*, which made her *scream* and cry *out;* and she could not *move* that leg, nor stir from the spot where she *lay*.

A man who came that way in great haste said, "Are you *hurt?*" and Rose said "Oh! *yes:* I have broken my *leg*." But when the man saw who she *was*, he thought she did not say the *truth*, and so went away.

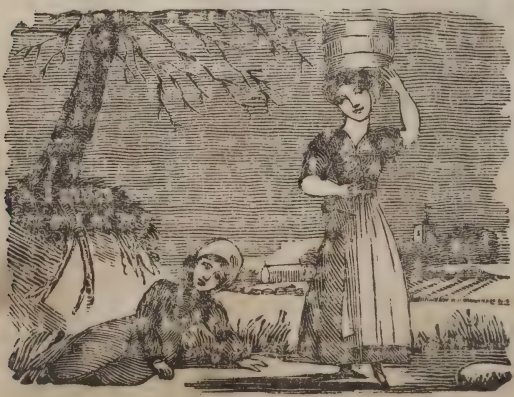
Then came a girl with a *milk-pail* on her head; and Rose said, "Pray *help* me; my *leg* is broke." And the girl put down her *pail;* but she came near and saw it was *Rose* who spoke: then she said, "I dare say this is not *true*, and I have no *time* to lose." So she took up her pail and went on.

Poor Rose was in great pain, and she told two or three *more*, who came by, the sad state she was in; but as they all *knew* her, they thought it was *false*, and would not *stop*. So she lay there for two hours with no one to *help* her, and thought what a sad *thing* it was that nobody would *believe* her.

THE KIND LITTLE GIRL.

"Ann saw that he was *pale* and *sick*. So she gave him a large piece of her cake."—p. 16.

THE GIRL WHO TOLD LIES.



"She lay there two hours, with no one to help her."—p. 17.

At last a man came that way who did not *know* Rose, and said, "Why do you *cry* and *moan* so?" She said, "I have broken my *leg*, and no one will *help* me or take me *home*." This good man then said, "Poor child! do not *cry* so; *I* will take you home."

So he took Rose in his arms, and brought her home; and though he went *slow*, and took care not to *hurt* her, yet she felt great *pain*, and it made her cry and moan by the way.

Her friends *wept* when they saw her so much *hurt*. Her leg had grown *stiff* in the two hours she lay on the ground; she felt great *pain* when the *bone* was set, and she had caught a bad *cold*.

She had to lie in bed a long time; and could not run or jump for *four months;* but in this time she *thought a great deal;* and when the *cough* shook her and hurt her *leg*, she felt that if she had been known to tell *truth*, she might have *had* no cough.

All this made Rose think what a bad thing it was to tell *lies;* and when she got well she did not *tell* any more. And her friends were all very *glad*, and grew very *fond* of her, when they found that they could trust to her *word*.

LESSON VII.

DEFINITIONS.

Wise, judging rightly.
Gather, to bring together.

Idle, lazy, not busy.

Tell me the opposite of Big. Higher. Pleasant. Went. Pull. Come. Build. Well. Good.

THE IDLE BOY WHO BECAME A GOOD BOY.

There was a little boy; he was not a *big* boy, for if he had been a *big* boy, I suppose he would have been *wiser;* but this was a *little* boy, not higher than the *table*, and his papa and mama sent him to *school.*

It was a very pleasant *morning;* the *sun* shone and the *birds* sung on the trees. Now this little boy did not much *love* his book, for he was but a *silly* little boy as I *told* you; and he had a great mind to *play* instead of going to school.

And he saw a *bee* flying about, first upon *one* flower, and then upon *another;* so he said, *Pretty bee!* will you come and *play* with me? But the bee said, *No*, I must not be *idle;* I must go and gather *honey.*

Then the little boy met a *dog;* and he said, *Dog!* will *you* play with me? But the dog said, *No*, I must not be idle; I am going to drive the *pigs* out of my master's *garden.*

Then the little boy went by a *hay-stack*, and he saw a *bird* pulling some *hay* out of the *hay-stack;* and he said, *Bird!* will *you* come and play with me? But the bird said, *No*, I must not be idle; I must get some *hay* to build my *nest* with, and

some *moss*, and some *wool*. So the bird flew away.

Then the little boy saw a *horse*, and he said, *Horse!* will *you* play with me? But the horse said, *No;* I must not be idle, I must go and *plough*, or else there will be no *corn* to make *bread* of.

Then the little boy thought with himself, *what*, is *nobody* idle? then little *boys* must not be idle either. So he made *haste*, and went to *school*, and learned his lesson very *well*, and the master said he was a very *good* boy.

LESSON VIII.

DEFINITIONS.

Neat, cleanly.
Careful, watchful.
Cleanse, to make clean.

Tell me the opposite of Remember. Whole. Smooth. Little. Dirty. Go.

ABOUT BEING NEAT.

I have sometimes seen a child go to school with dirty *hands*, a dirty *face*, and a dirty *book;* but I do not remember that I ever heard such a child *read* very well; and I am *sure* nobody could like to *look* at him.

A *neat* scholar will *wash* his face and hands before he comes to school, and be very careful to

keep his *clothes* and *books* free from *dirt*. And he will want to have the *school-room* kept very neat. He would *sweep* it *himself*, almost every *day*, rather than have the floor covered with *leaves* and *dirt*.

If he has a *writing-book*, you will not see a single *blot* in the *whole* of it. The corners of the *leaves* will not be *rolled over*, like a *dog's ears*, but will be kept *smooth* and *clean*. A neat scholar will not go into a house without cleansing his *shoes*, if they are *dirty*. He will *spit* as little as may be; and will not whittle *chairs* or *benches*.

LESSON IX.

DEFINITIONS.

Gnaw, to wear away by biting.
Delighted, much pleased.
Allow, to give leave.—Children are not *allowed* to be noisy at school.
Troublesome, giving trouble.—A scholar who does not come to school in season, is *troublesome;* because he disturbs others.
Sip, to drink a little at a time.
Angry, very much displeased.
Persuade, to make another willing, by talking to him, or treating him kindly
Presently, soon.
Thrust, to push.
Appear, to be in sight.
Valuable, worth a great deal.

Tell me the opposite of better. Of Always. Mistress. Loved. Summer. Nothing. Danger. Carry. Found. Sorry. Mother.

MARY AND HER KID.

Kids are little *goats*. *Goats* do not *like* to live in the *streets* and *houses*, like the *dogs*. Goats love to *run* and *jump* about in the *woods*, and to gnaw the bark of *trees*. A goat is a little larger than a *sheep*. Here is a *picture* of one.

It is between two and three feet *high ;* that is, about as high as a *table*. Goats give very good *milk*. People carry them to *sea*, because they are *smaller* than *cows*, and do not take up so much *room* in the *ship*.

The *skins* of goats are made into *leather*. The skins of *kids* make very nice *gloves*. Handles for *knives* and *forks* are made of goats' *horns*. Their *flesh*, *tallow*, and *hair* are also valuable.

Mary, a little girl, who lived in a place where there are *many goats*, taking a *walk* one day, found a little *kid;* its *mother*, the *old* goat, had *left* it; it was almost *dead.*

Mary felt *sorry* for the poor little kid; she took it up, hugged it in her *arms*, and carried it *home* with her. She begged her mother to let her *keep* the kid for her *own.* Her mother gave her *leave.* Mary got a basket full of clean *straw*, and laid it on the warm *hearth*, for a *bed* for the kid. She warmed some *milk*, and held it to him to *drink.* The kid *drank* it, and licked Mary's *hand* for *more.* Mary was *delighted* when she saw him jump out of the basket, and run about the room; presently, he lay *down* again, and took a comfortable *nap.*

The next day, Mary gave her kid a *name;* she called him *Capriole.* She showed him to all the *family*, and allowed her little brothers and sisters to *pat* him.

Capriole soon followed Mary all about the *house;* trotted by her side into the *yard;* ran *races* with her in the *field;* and fed out of her *hand.* He soon grew *troublesome*, and thrust his nose into the *meal* tub. Sometimes he got a *blow* for sipping the *milk.*

Capriole's little *horns* soon began to appear, and a white *beard* soon sprouted at the end of his *chin.* He grew bold enough to *fight* when he was *angry*, and sometimes threw down *Colin*, Mary's little *brother*, into the *dirt.* Every body said, "Capriole is getting too *saucy;* he must be sent *away*, or be taught to *behave* better."

Mary always took his *part*, and let him do as he *pleased.* Capriole *loved* his little mistress *dearly.* Near to Mary's house, were some large

fields, and some tall *rocks;* a little farther off was a high *hill.*

One fine summer's day, Mary had finished her morning's work, and wanted to play with her *kid.* She looked about the house door, and could not *see* Capriole. She then ran to the *field*, and called aloud, "*Capriole! Capriole!*" expecting to see him come running *towards* her. No Capriole *came.*

Her *heart* began to beat. "What can have *become* of him? Somebody must have *stolen* him. Perhaps the neighbors' *dogs* have killed him. Oh my *Capriole!* my dear *Capriole!* I shall never *see* you again."

Mary began to *cry;* but she still went *on*, looking all around, and calling "*Capriole! Capriole!*" After a while she heard the *voice* of Capriole. She looked *up*, and saw her little *goat*, standing on the edge of a high *rock;* she was afraid to *call* him, lest he should jump *down* and break his *neck.*

There was no *danger;* Capriole had *run away* from his mistress; he liked the fields and the rocks *better* than he liked Mary. She *waited* for him, however, till she was *tired*, and then went *home*, and got her little brothers to go back *with* her, to the foot of the *hill.* They carried some *bread* and *milk* for Capriole, but they could not persuade him *back* again; he had found a herd of *goats*, and they were *playing* together. So Mary bade him *good bye.*

What is a kid? What do goats love to do? Of what use are their skins? Horns? The skins of kids? How high are goats? Where carried? What did Mary do with the kid she found? What else? What did he soon become? What was said of him? What became of him?

LESSON X.

DEFINITIONS.

Depend, to rely on.
Affronted, provoked.
Determined, resolved.
Convenience, ease, accommodation.

Tell me the opposite of Lend. Willing. Proper. Lost. Run. Night.

MARY AND SARAH.

Mary. I wish you would lend me your *thimble*, Sarah, for I can never *find* mine when I want it.

Sarah. And *why* can you not find it, Mary?

Mary. I am sure I cannot *tell*, but if you do not choose to lend me *yours*, I can borrow of somebody *else*.

Sarah. I am willing to *lend* it to you, but I should like to have you tell me why you always come to *me* to borrow when you have lost any thing?

Mary. Because you never *lose* your things, and always know where to *find* them.

Sarah. And *how*, think you, do I always know where to find my things?

Mary. How can *I* tell? If I *knew*, I might sometimes contrive to find my *own*.

Sarah. I will tell you the secret, if you will *hear* it. I have a set *place* for every thing, and

after I have done *using* a thing, I always put it in its proper *place*, and never *leave* it to be thrown *about* and *lost*.

Mary. I never can find *time* to put *my* things away; and who wants, as soon as she has *used* a thing, to have to run and put it *away*, as if one's *life* depended upon it?

Sarah. Your *life* does not depend upon it, Mary, but your *convenience* does; and let me ask, how much more time will it take to put a thing in its proper *place*, than to *hunt* after it when lost, or *borrow* of your *friends?*

Mary. Well, I will never borrow of you *again*, you may *depend* upon it.

Sarah. Why, you are not *affronted*, I hope.

Mary. No, but I am *ashamed*, and am determined before night to have a place for every thing, and to *keep* every thing in its place.

How can one always know where to find things? What depends on doing this? What else? *The convenience of others.*

LESSON XI.

DEFINITIONS.

Meadow, moist level ground, covered with grass and flowers.
Cluster, a bunch.
Affectionate, fond, tender.
Trouble, uneasiness.
Playful, sportive, lively.

Overjoyed, much pleased.
Caper, to jump about playfully.
Dispute, to say a thing is not so.
Credit, honor, character.
Intend, to mean.
Wholesome, healthy.
Fruit, apples, pears, cherries, &c.
Greedy, eager to eat.

Tell me the opposite of Large. Ripe. Pleased. Happy. Ran. Best. Glad. Agree. Foolishly. Kind. Great. Carried. Sick.

JACK AND HIS SISTERS.

There was a large *grape* vine that ran up an oak *tree* in a *meadow*, about half a mile from the *house*. The vine hung full of *grapes*, in large *clusters*. When they were *ripe* and very *fine*, Jack invited his *sisters* to go there with him one fair day, and *get some*. The little girls were so pleased with going that they were ready in two *minutes*.

Their mother *smiled* to see them go off so brisk and happy, and so *affectionate* to each other. "Little birds," she said to herself, as they went out through the gate, "they have no *trouble* nor *care*."

Amnon, the pet *lamb*, ran playfully along after the children, and Mary said they could let him go as well as *not*. Jack let down the *bars* for the girls, and the lamb skipped through *with* them.

When little Betsey came under the vine, and saw the great bunches of grapes over her head, she jumped and hollowed, "O! O! O! I never

did see such a sight, in all my *life*. What a parcel! O, I wish my '*ma* was here, to see this *grape* tree."

The pet lamb cared nothing about the *grapes;* but, seeing *Betsey* so overjoyed, seemed to think she was playing with *him*. He began to hop up and down *too*, and they both jumped and capered very much *alike*.

The grapes were indeed *very fine*. Mary said they were nearly as large as *robins' eggs*, almost as sweet as *honey*, and that she had never tasted any *half* so good. The color was dark purple. The vine ran over the whole of the oak tree.

Jack climbed up among the branches, and the girls held their *aprons* to catch the beautiful clusters, as he threw them down, till they got their aprons *heaping full*. Then he scrambled down to the lower *limb*, and jumped from *that* to the *ground*.

"*Now*, girls," said he, "I will tell you what we will *do*. We will spread these grapes on this clean *grass*, and *sort* them, and pick out the very *best* bunches to carry home to '*pa* and '*ma*." "O yes," said Mary, "that is *right;* so we *will*."

"*Yes*, brother Jack," said little Betsey, "you are a good *boy*." She was pleased about giving the best grapes to her father and mother, though the little parrot could hardly speak all her *words*.

"They will be glad," said Jack, "to see that we *think* so much about them." "Yes," said Mary; "and *another* thing; let us agree never to *quarrel* and be *cross* to each other."

"If you see me get *angry*, and act *foolishly*, do you *tell* me of it, so that I may leave it *off*, and be-

have *better*, and I will do the same with *you;* because it is very *bad* for brothers and sisters to *dispute*, and you know father and mother are always so *pleased*, when they see us *kind* to each other."

"*Yes*, I know *that*," said Jack: "We can never pay our parents all we owe them, for being so good to us; but we ought to do all we *can* to make them *happy* and keep up the credit of our *family*." The little girls both said they would *try* with all their *might*.

"*Yes*," said Jack, "that is what *all good* children should do. When I get to be a great *man*, 'pa and 'ma will be old gray-headed people, and have wrinkles in their faces, like old Mr. *Allen* and his wife; and then I intend to take *care* of them."

When they carried home the grapes to their mother, Mary said, "Did you ever, in your *life*, 'ma, taste any thing so *good?*" "They are very *fine*, *indeed*, my dear," said Mrs. Halyard. "We picked out all the *best*, 'ma," said Mary, "for *you* and *'pa*." "*Ah*, my children," said their mother, "then I shall tell your *father* of that good action, when he comes, and he will like the *grapes* very *much*."

"'Ma," said Jack, "are not grapes very *wholesome* to eat?" "*Yes*, my son," said she, "*most* kinds of fruit are wholesome, if they are *ripe*, and eaten a little at a *time*."

"The *best* thing may *become* hurtful, when taken to *excess;* and children frequently make themselves *sick*, with good things, by being too *greedy*. To be sure, people must *eat*, in order to *live;* but

I wish my children always to remember that *eating* is not the chief thing they are to *live* for."

LESSON XII.

DEFINITIONS.

Hut, a poor, small house.
Vegetable, a plant, an herb.
Coachman, one who drives a coach.
Pious, religious.
Amuse, to please with harmless play. It sometimes means to deceive artfully.
Innocent, that which does not hurt.
Infant, a very young child.
Food, victuals.

Tell me the opposite of Able. Of Near. Open. Busy. Poor. Honest. Often. Old. Found. Cold. Out. Asleep. Some. Useful. Fetch.

THE OLD MAN AND LITTLE PETER.

There was once a poor old lame man; he had been a *soldier*, and had almost lost the use of one *leg*, so he was not *able* to do much *work*. He built himself a little *hut*, and made a *garden* where he planted *potatoes*, *beans*, and such other vegetables as he wanted to *eat*.

All the *money* he got was given to him by people for opening a *gate* near his hut. People riding

in coaches do not *like* to have the coachman leave the *horses* to open a *gate;* they are willing to give any body a few *cents* to do it *for* them.

The money which the poor man got in this way was enough to buy him *clothes*, and such *other* things as he wanted. This poor man was very *honest*, so every body thought *well* of him. He was *pious*, too; he prayed to *God* every night and morning; he *thought* of God often, and he tried to *please* God.

This old man, in a *walk* one day found a little *kid*, that had lost its *mother*, and was almost *starved*. He took it *home*, and *fed* it, and *nursed* it, so that it grew very *large* and *strong*. He called the goat *Nan*.

Nan *loved* her master; she ran after him like a little *dog*, and ate the *grass* which grew round his *door*. She often played very *prettily*, so that she *amused* her master with her innocent tricks. The old man would lift up his *eyes* and thank *God*, that he had *given* him this faithful creature.

One cold night in the beginning of *winter*, the old man thought he heard a *child* cry; he got *up*, lit a *candle*, went out at the *door*, and looking all about, he soon found a little *baby* lying on the *ground*. The old man knew not what to *do*.

"I can *hardly* take care of *myself*," said he; "what shall I do with a poor *infant?* If I leave it *here*, the little creature will *die* before morning. I will take it *in*, and give it some *food*."

Saying this he took up the little boy, who was only covered with a few *rags*. The infant *smiled*, and stretched out his arms to *hug* the old man. When he had brought it into the *hut*, he called his

goat, *Nan;* her little kid was just *dead*, and she had milk to *spare*.

Nan was quite *willing* to nurse the little boy; he sucked till he had *enough*, and then fell *asleep*. The old man took the child to his *bosom*, and went to *bed*. He felt *happy*, because he had done a *good action*. Early the next morning, he waked, and gave the infant some of Nan's *milk*.

"Who *knows*," said the old man, "but this child may live to be a *man*, and that God will make him *good* and *happy*. When he grows *bigger* he will be a *comfort* to me; he will learn to be *useful*, to fetch my *wood*, and dig in the *garden*."

The little boy *grew fast*, and *loved* the old man *dearly;* and he loved the *goat* too. She would lie down, and little Peter would crawl on his hands and knees close to her, and go to sleep in her *bosom*.

In short time Peter could *walk*, and he soon learned to *talk* a little. He called the old man "*Daddy*," and the goat he called "*Mammy*." He used to run *about* after his mammy.

At night the old man would take Peter upon his *knee*, and talk to him while their *supper* was boiling over the *fire*. When Peter grew *bigger*, he opened the *gate* for his daddy, and learned to get the *breakfast* and *dinner*. The old man used to tell Peter *stories*, and *amuse* him very *much*.

Can you tell me something you are *able* to do? Something else? Something you are not able to do? Something which is *work*? Something else?—Of a *vegetable?* Another?—What is better than *money?* Why?—Who makes *doors?* Of what? The hinges? Of what? How? What is iron made of?—What are *candles* made of? What else gives light? What else?

LESSON XIII.

DEFINITIONS.

Desire, wish.
Grieved, made sorrowful.
Grateful, feeling that another has been kind.
Daddy, a child's name for father.

Tell me the opposite of Faithful. Of Crying. Fast. Lady. Long. Gave. Day.

MORE ABOUT LITTLE PETER.

The old man had a great desire that his darling should learn to *read* and *write*, but he had neither *books*, nor *pens*, nor *paper*. In the summer the old man would sit at his cottage door, and *draw letters* in the *sand;* he taught Peter their *names*, and taught him to *make* them. Peter soon learned all the letters of the alphabet, and he soon learned to put them *together*, in *syllables* and *words*.

About this time Peter's faithful nurse, Nanny, *died*. While she was *sick*, Peter took great *care* of her; he tried to make her take *food*, and held her head upon his little *bosom*. All would not make her *well;* she *died*, and Peter was very much *grieved*.

The poor goat was buried in the garden; Peter would go there, and call upon his *mammy*, and ask her why she had *left* him. One day as he was calling Nanny, and crying, a *lady* came along in a *carriage;* she *overheard* Peter.

As soon as Peter heard some one call, "open

the *gate*," he ran as fast as he *could*. The lady asked him whom he was *calling*, and why he *cried* so. Peter answered, it was for his poor *mammy*, that was buried in the *garden*.

"How did your mammy get her *living?*" asked the lady. "She used to eat *grass*," said Peter. The lady did not know what he *meant;* but the old *man* came out of his hut, and told her the whole *story* of Peter.

She looked at the boy, who had dried up his *tears*, and was *playing* at the coach *door;* she was much *pleased* with him. "Will you go with *me*, little boy?" said she; "I will take *care* of you if you *behave* well."

"*No*," said Peter, "I must stay with *daddy;* he has taken care of *me* for a long time, and now *I* must take care of *him*." The lady was *pleased* with this answer; it showed Peter to be a *grateful* boy.

She put her hand in her pocket, and took out her *purse;* she found half a *dollar* in it, which she gave to *Peter*, and bid him buy some *shoes* and *stockings;* then she went *away*.

Peter knew how to use *money;* he had been sent to buy *bread*, and such things as his daddy wanted; but he did not know much about *shoes* and *stockings*. He had seen them upon *others*, but he had never *worn* any in his *life*. The next day the old man made him go to the town and lay out his *money*.

Peter had not been gone *long*, before his daddy saw him come *back*, *without* his shoes and stockings. "What have you done with your *money*, Peter?" said the old man.

"Daddy," answered Peter, "I went to the *store*, and just put *on* shoes and stockings, but I did not *like* them; so I laid out the money for a warm *waistcoat* for *you; winter* is coming, and you will be *cold*."

Did Peter have any books? How did he learn to read? What became of Nanny? What can you tell me of the lady? Was Peter willing to go home with her? Why? What did this show him to be? What did she give him? For what? Did he buy them? What did he buy?

Can you name something which you have a *desire* to do? Something else? Something else? Something you have a desire not to do? &c.—Should we always be *grateful* to those who take care of us? Who takes care of you? Of all people? Are children grateful who do not mind their parents? Their teachers? Who do not thank God for taking care of them? If Peter had chosen to buy warm clothes for himself, while the old man who took care of him had none, what would he have been?

LESSON XIV.

DEFINITIONS.

Obedience, doing as one is told.
Difficult, hard, not easy.
Fatigued, tired.
Patient, willing to wait quietly.

LITTLE HARRY.

"*Grandmother*, when do you think *mother* will be at home?" said little Harry, as he seated himself upon the floor at her feet.

"It will not be *long* before we shall see her," said his grandmother, "as it is almost *dark*."

"I wish it would grow dark *faster*," said Harry, "for I want to tell her about my *shoes*, and all that *lady* said."

"You must try to be *patient*, my little boy," said his grandmother; and she took off her spectacles, and laying aside the *apron* she was mending for Harry, took him up in her *lap*. This little boy *loved* his grandmother, and always *liked* to sit in her lap.

"What is the reason, grandmother, that you wear *spectacles?* I should not think you could see to *work* or *read* with them. When *I* put them on, I can but just *see* you; and you look so *funny*, that I can hardly tell where your *eyes* and *nose* are."

"My eyes are not as *good* as *yours* are, Harry, and I could not see to work at *all* without these spectacles."

"But I thought old people could do *every* thing a great deal better than little *boys*," said Harry.

"They know a great deal better *how* to do things, but they often cannot *do* them as well," said his grandmother: "they often cannot *see* as well, or *hear* as well, or *walk* as well; but then they can teach little boys a great deal, and tell them what they can *do* with their eyes, and their ears, and their limbs, to make them *useful* before they grow old."

"What can I do with *my eyes*, grandmother, that is useful?" said Harry.

"A great *many* things, my dear; you can find my *needle* when I happen to drop it, and you know you *have* learned to *thread* it for me; and when my

spectacles are out of the way, you know I say, '*come*, Harry, *be* my spectacles for me;' and when you come and use your eyes for *me*, you make them *useful*, and make me very *happy* to think that besides my *own* eyes, I have a pair in *your* little head."

"I hope, grandmother, you will *always* let me thread your needles for you," said Harry; "and I *dare* say there are some *other* things I might do for you if you would *let* me."

"There are other things that you *already* do for me," said his grandmother; "besides helping me with your *eyes*, you sometimes also use your *feet* for me. Don't you remember when I was *sick* the other day, you went to the *Doctor's* for me? and often when my old limbs are *tired*, you use your *young* ones, and bring me what I want, while mine are *resting*."

While Harry and his grandmother were talking together in this pleasant way, the time which Harry thought would be so *long*, was *passed*, and his mother came *home*.

As soon as Harry saw her, he jumped down and ran to her saying, "*Mother*, *mother*, I have got a pair of *shoes;* now may I not go to *school?*"

"I am too *tired* to attend to you *now*, Harry," said his mother; "so run *off*."

Harry was *grieved* at his mother's not hearing the long story he had to tell her about his *shoes;* but he *left* her as soon as she *bid* him, and did not say a *word*. Harry had learnt the best lesson a little boy *can* learn, which is *obedience*, and he did not find it so *difficult* to be quiet, as *some* children might suppose.

Harry's mother was not *strong*, and had been out, doing a hard day's *work*, and was so much *fatigued* that she felt too *sick* to *talk* till she had taken her *supper*. When she felt better, she said, "*Now*, Harry, you may come and tell me about your *shoes;* how did you *get* them?"

Harry now began to tell his mother all about the lady who had been there in the *morning*, and brought him the *shoes*.

"It was the same lady, mother, that came the other *day*, and told you about that *school*, where they teach children to *read* and *count*, and show them *pictures* and tell them *stories*. Now, mother, may I not *go?* for the lady said she *wanted* me to go, and she brought me these *shoes* on *purpose*."

"*Yes*, child, you shall *go*, and I will bless them that keep you out of *mischief*, and give you more *learning*."

When Harry had got his mother's leave to his going to *school*, he went to *bed*. He did not yet *know*, that when he laid down to *sleep*, the Being who made the *sun* to shine, took care of him in the *night*, and *always* watched over him. He had not yet *learned* that when he was *good*, he *pleased* this good Being, who made the whole *world* and every thing *in* it.

What can you tell me about little Harry? About his grandmother? Mother? &c.

Should children always try to be *patient* when they have to wait for what they want?—Should children practise *obedience?* To whom? To whom else? &c. When do they not practise it?—Can you name something which you would find *difficult?*—Do you ever get *fatigued?* When? Who makes the sun to shine? Who made the world?

LESSON XV.

DEFINITIONS.

Enter, to go in.
Repeat, to say over.
Attentively, carefully.
Quiet, still.

Tell me the opposite of Much. Of Black. Ask. Right. Forget.

MORE ABOUT LITTLE HARRY.

The wished-for morning soon *came*, and Harry awoke full of life, and was soon in readiness to go to *school* with his *mother*, who was glad to take her little boy to a place where so good *care* would be taken of him.

And now we must suppose Harry in a school-room for the first time. When he went in, he felt a little troubled at seeing so many faces he did not *know;* and he thought he should rather be in his grandmother's *lap* than even in this *school*, where he had so much *wished* to come.

But the school-mistress spoke very *kindly* to him and showed him some *pictures;* and after she had *talked* with him a little while, Harry was willing to stay, and in a short time felt as happy as he *expected* to feel.

It so happened that he was seated on a bench with a little boy he *knew*, and this made him feel quite at *home*. After a little while, all the boys and girls were seated in their different places, and

when all was quiet, the school-mistress spoke to the children all together, and asked them if they would like to repeat their morning hymn.

All that were *old* enough then stood up, and repeated something which Harry did not quite understand. They were singing a morning hymn. He did not know what a morning hymn meant. It was not long, however, before Harry understood that a morning hymn was thanking *God* for taking care of us through the *night*, and for letting us enjoy another *day*.

After this the school-mistress went to a large black *slate*, and with a piece of white *chalk* made some *letters*. Harry noticed every thing she *did*. When she made one letter, she asked the children its *name*. They almost all said, A.

Harry looked at this letter very attentively, and saw that it seemed to stand upon two *legs* and had a little *bar* across it. She then made *another* letter that was like a *ring*, and this was O. And *another* which looked like a *gate*, and this was H.

Harry kept his eyes all the time on the *slate*, and noticed the *difference* in the letters, so that he might remember them when he saw them *again*. The school-mistress saw how attentive Harry had been, and when the *lesson* was over, she went up to him and said, "your name is *Harry*, is it *not*, my little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry.

"I shall remember, then," said she, "and always call you by your right name, Harry, and not Billy or Tommy, and you must try to remember to call all my *letters* by their right names; I hope the

next time you see them you will not forget *their* names, and I will try not to forget *yours.*"

What troubled little Harry when he first went into school? How did the mistress speak to him? Whom did he sit with? What did the scholars repeat? What is meant by a morning hymn? How did the teacher show the children the letters? &c.

LESSON XVI.

DEFINITIONS.

Differ, to be unlike.
Pouch, a small bag.
Chap, (*pron. chop*) the upper or under part of an animal's mouth.
Down, soft feathers.
Jaw, the bone of the mouth in which the teeth are fixed.
Torpid, dull, stupid.
Gluttonous, fond of eating a great deal.
Food, victuals.
Surface, the outside.

Tell me the opposite of Wet. Of Lazy. Under. Empty. Downwards.

THE PELICAN.

Do you know why the rain does not make the birds very *wet?* Why, it is because their feathers are *oily*, so that the rain does not easily soak *through* them. Their *wings* are very *strong*. A

swan's *wing* would break a man's *leg*. Some birds are very *lazy*. Here is a *picture* of a lazy bird, called *the Pelican*.

It is a large bird, weighing over twenty *pounds*. It differs from all *other* birds in its *bill*, and the great *pouch* under it.

The pouch hangs at the lower edge of the under chap, and will hold fifteen quarts of water; it reaches the whole length of the *bill* to the *neck*: this bag is covered with a very soft *down*, and when *empty* can scarcely be *seen*, as the bird wrinkles it up into the lower *jaw*.

These birds are very *torpid* and very *gluttonous*. When in search of food, they fly over the water with one eye turned downwards, and as soon as they see a *fish* near the surface, they dart down swiftly, and are almost sure to *seize* it and store it up in their *pouch*.

Why do not birds get quite wet when it rains? How much will a pelican weigh? How much more than a hen? *Four or five times as much.* What hangs at the lower edge of the pelican's under chap? How much will it hold?

LESSON XVII.

DEFINITIONS.

Ambition, desire of honor.
Jovial, merry.
Resolute, bold, determined.
Tattling, apt to tell tales.

ISAAC WILSON.

Major Wilson had a *son*, named *Isaac*, about ten years *old*, and Isaac was inclined to be quite *idle*, and *childish*. His father was very anxious to have him do well; but was afraid he would never make a man of *honor* and *usefulness*.

Isaac was a stout, hearty boy; but he seemed to have no manly ambition. In the *winter* he would sit *moping* in the *corner*, without reading so much as a *newspaper*, or caring whether *Canada* was *North* or *South* from the United States.

The neighboring boys, one cold day in *February*, had a jovial time, *skating*, and sliding down hill on their *sleds*. Some of them ran, as brisk as *squirrels*, to ask Major Wilson to let *Isaac* come and play with them. "O *yes*, by *all* means," said Major Wilson: "I was once a boy myself:

"Yes, I'm for the lad that's active in play,
"And thorough at work; that's much the best way."

"*Go*, Isaac, by *all* means, and have a lively time with your *mates*:" but Isaac, scowling, shrug-

ged up his shoulders, and said he did not *want* to play in the *cold*. "Poor little *child*," said Solomon Belmot, "he wants his *hands* wrapped up in his mamma's warm apron." So these boys ran back to the rest to enjoy their *sport*.

"Halloo, boys," said the others, "where is Isaac?" "O," said Solomon, "he is sitting in the *corner* to keep the *cat* from eating the *tongs*. That is all he will ever be good for: the ninny is too *lazy* even to *play*."

This Solomon Belmot lived at a place called "Briar Hill," on account of the multitude of *blackberries* which grew there. Solomon was an *active* lad among the boys, and heartily *earnest*, wherever he engaged; but he was so very fond of a *joke*, that he would often say things a little *improper*, in order to make people *laugh*.

This turn of mind was *unfortunate*, and sometimes created *difficulty*, where he did not *intend* it. He was more inclined to practise this harshness of speech, because his *mother* did so, though she was a good sort of a woman in *other* respects, and had the name of making the best *cheese* of any farmer's wife about "*Briar Hill*."

Major Wilson was *mortified*, at having such an idle *lubber* as *Isaac* for a son. He was much troubled to determine what to *do* with him. After some time he thought of *Jack Halyard*, and concluded that the best thing he could do, would be to get so good a scholar to come and *live* a while at his *house*.

Jack's father agreed to let him go home with Major Wilson: but told him to be careful not to spend his time in boyish *play* with Isaac, and do

him more *hurt* than *good*. This was in the month of May.

Jack stayed five weeks, and in all that time went home only once. During these five weeks, Isaac was so *altered*, he hardly appeared to be the same boy. He was more *active*, more *resolute*, more *manly* in his conduct, had better *ideas* of things, and began to love *learning*.

Before that time Isaac was afraid to go *out* alone after dark; but Jack cured him of *that* foolish whim, and many *others*. He used to make up a *pitiful* face, and think he was almost *killed*, if he hurt his finger or toe; but after *Jack* had been with him, he was ashamed to *snivel* or *squeal* for every trifling affair.

One day, as they were in a *pasture* together, Isaac was frightened almost to *death*, at the sight of a *rattle snake*. He ran and screamed, as if the terrible creature was going to swallow him *alive;* but *Jack*, without being at all afraid, got a good stick and *killed* the snake.

What sort of a boy was Isaac? What did Solomon say of him? What kind of a boy was Solomon? What mortified Major Wilson? Whom did he send for? Is it a good thing to be resolute? Why? Of what did Jack cure Isaac? How are those who practise tattling, like rattle snakes?

LESSON XVIII.

MORE ABOUT ISAAC WILSON.

"These animals," said Jack, "I have heard my father say, are like tattling, mischief-making

people: they are very *poisonous:* but dangerous only when they creep in *secret*, and bite before they are *seen*."

When Jack had been at Major Wilson's about a week, he met Solomon Belmot in the road, and the following dialogue took place.

Jack. Good morning, Solomon.

Solomon. Good *morning*, Jack: I see you are going about with Isaac Wilson, and the people say you have come to *live* there a while, and try to *make* something of him.

Jack. I expect to stay there, till my father begins his *haying* and *harvest.*

Sol. You will find Isaac very much like the jockey's *horse*, that had but two *failings.*

Jack. What were those *two?*

Sol. One was, the horse was bad to *catch.*

Jack. What was the *other?*

Sol. When they had *catched* him, he was *good* for nothing.

Jack. I hope Isaac is not so *bad* as the *horse* you tell of; he will make a very decent man *yet*, if he will only try in *earnest.*

Sol. Ay, there is the *difficulty*, my good fellow, who can change that bag of sand into a smart *boy?*

Jack. I should hardly think that *any* young lad would be such a dolt, as not to try to make himself *respectable* in the world.

Sol. You might as well teach a *fish* to eat *grass* in the *fields*, as to make any thing of *that* lazy fellow.

Jack. We should be very careful, Solomon,

about speaking evil of our *neighbors.* Good bye.

Sol. Good morning.

Jack talked much and very sensibly, with Isaac, and took great pains to teach him by an example, which his father had told him was the *best* teaching in the *world.*

Among other things which the boys read together, was the thirteenth chapter of the first book of Corinthians. St. Paul says, "When I was a child, I *spoke* as a child; I *thought* as a child; I *understood* as a child: but when I became a *man*, I put *away* childish things."

Isaac began to wake from his babyish dreams, and to think of becoming a man of talents and merit. He told his father he was determined to exert himself in all that was *good.* He found that he *slept* better, and *felt altogether* better, when he had been well *employed* through the day.

Major Wilson was so much pleased with the change in his son, that he said Jack Halyard was worth five times his weight in *gold;* and he made him a present of a likely colt, which was just weaned. Jack thanked him very politely; but said this was much more than he had any reason to expect. Major Wilson insisted on his taking the colt.

"My good little *friend*," said the Major to Jack, —and he almost shed tears while he said it,—"the great happiness of parents is seeing their *children* do well. If Isaac should ever make an honorable man, it will be in part owing to what *you* have done for him, and I should not regret giving

ten times as much. Take this *colt*. I hope, my dear fellow, you may live to ride him to *Congress*."

Can you tell any thing which Jack and Solomon said to each other? How did Major Wilson like the change in his son? What did he give to Jack? What was the reason of Isaac's becoming a better boy? Are we always apt to be like those whom we are often with? Whom then should we choose for our friends? *Those who know most and behave best.* What is the great happiness of parents?

LESSON XIX.

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himself, when, dismounting to gather a *plant* in the hedge, his horse *got loose* and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by his *name*, when he stopped, but on his *approach* set off again. At length a little *boy* in the neighboring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and getting *before* the horse took him by the bridle, and *held* him till his owner came up.

Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his *ruddy, cheerful* countenance. *Thank* you, my good lad! (*said he*) you have caught my horse very *cleverly*. What shall I *give* you for your trouble? (*putting his hand into his pocket.*)

Boy. I want *nothing*, sir.

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the *better* for you. Few *men* can say as much. But pray what were you *doing* in the field?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips, and keeping the *crows* from the corn.

Mr. L. And do you *like* this employment?

B. Yes sir, very well, this *fine* weather.

Mr. L. But would you not rather *play?*

B. This is not *hard* work; it is *almost* as good as *play.*

Mr. L. Who *sent* you to work?

B. My *father*, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he *live?*

B. Just by, among the trees, *there*, sir.

Mr. L. What is his *name?*

B. *Thomas Hurdle*, sir.

Mr. L. And what is *yours?*

B. *Peter*, sir.

Mr. L. How *old* are you?

B. I shall be *eight*, Thanksgiving day.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this *field?*

B. Ever since six in the *morning*, sir.

Mr. L. And are you not *hungry?*

B. *Yes*, sir, I shall go to my *dinner*, soon.

Mr. L. If you had *sixpence* now, what would you *do* with it?

B. I don't know; I never *had* so much in my *life.*

Mr. L. Have you no *playthings?*

B. *Playthings?* what are *they?*

Mr. L. Such as *balls*, *nine-pins*, *marbles*, *tops*, and *wooden horses.*

B. *No*, sir; but our Tom makes *foot-balls* to kick in the cold weather, and we set *traps* for birds; and then I have a *jumping pole* and a pair

of *stilts* to walk through the dirt with; and I *had* a *hoop*, but it *broke*.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing *else?*

B. No. I have hardly time for *those;* for I always ride the *horses* to the field, and bring up the *cows*, and run to the town on *errands*, and that is as good as *play*, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy *apples* or *gingerbread*, at the town, I suppose, if you had *money*.

B. O, I can get *apples* at *home;* and as for *gingerbread*, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a piece of *pie*, now and then, and that is as *good*.

Mr. L. Would you not like a *knife* to cut *sticks?*

B. I *have* one—here it is—brother *Tom* gave it to me.

Mr. L. Your *shoes* are full of *holes*—don't you want a *better* pair?

B. I *have* a better pair for *Sundays*.

Mr. L. But these let in *water*.

B. O, I don't care for *that*.

Mr. L. Your *hat* is all torn too.

B. I have a *better* hat at home, but I had as lief have *none at all*, for it hurts my *head*.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains?

B. If it rains very *hard*, I get under the *fence* till it is *over*.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are *hungry* before it is time to go *home?*

B. I sometimes eat a *raw turnip*.

Mr. L. But if there *are* none?

B. Then I do as well as I *can;* I *work on*, and never *think* of it.

Mr. L. Are you not *dry* sometimes, this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is *water* enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a *philosopher*.

B. Sir?

Mr. L. I say you are a *philosopher*; but I am sure you do not know what that *means*.

B. No sir—no *harm*, I hope.

Mr. L. No, No! *Well*, my boy, you seem to *want* nothing at all, so I shall not give you *money* to *make* you want any thing. But were you ever at *school?*

B. No sir, but daddy says I *shall* go, after *harvest*.

Mr. L. You will want *books*, then.

B. Yes sir, the boys all *have* books.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will *give* you them—tell your *daddy* so, and that it is because I thought you a very *good*, *contented boy*. So now go to your *sheep* again.

B. I *will*, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good bye, Peter.

B. Good bye, sir.

Now, children, what do you think of little Peter? You see he was *contented* with every thing. Was not this much better than if he had complained of having to work, and of not having more *playthings?* In the next lesson you will see how a child appears, who *cries* at every trifle.

What was Peter doing in the field? Did he like to work? What did he have to play with? &c.

LESSON XX.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS CROSS.

"What is the *matter*, Mary? What makes you throw your pretty patchwork on the *floor*, and *stamp* on it so?" Mary's cheeks were very *red;* for she felt a little *ashamed*, that her mother should see her behave so; and she said, "It is very *ugly* patch work, mother, very ugly *indeed;* and the *needle* is very ugly too. It pricks my fingers every *minute*."

"That is because you do not feel very *good-natured*, my dear; not because the *needle* is naughty," said her mother. "You push the needle in such a *hurry*, that it pricks your fingers."

"I do not *love* to sew. May I get my *play-things*, mother?" asked little Mary. Her mother told her she *might* get them. So Mary brought out her wooden lion and lamb, and her waxen doll, and her little milk-maid with her churn.

Then Mary twitched the string that kept the milk-maid churning, and it *broke*, so that she could not raise her *arm* up and down any more, and Mary *cried*. "What is the *matter?*" asked her mother.

"She is a very *ugly* milk-maid," said Mary, "I cannot make her *churn* any more." "That is because you were *cross*, and pulled the string so hard that you *broke* it," said her mother.

Before Mary could dry up her tears, her *father*, and her little cousins, *George* and *Charlotte*, came in. When her father asked what made her *eyes* look so red, her mother said, "Little Mary is *cross* to-day."

"O no, I am *not* cross," said Mary; and she was just going to *cry* again; but her father looked at her very *kindly*, and though her lips *trembled* a little, because she was very much *grieved*, she did not *cry aloud*.

And she ran to find her very little *pail*, full of pretty *corn*, that she might show it to *Charlotte*. And Charlotte brought her a very little *swan*, and a piece of *steel;* the swan's mouth was made of *magnet*.

Now magnet *loves* steel, *dearly*, and will run towards it. So they put the swan in a basin of *water;* and when they held the steel a little way off from the bird, he would swim all round the water to catch the piece of steel.

Mary laughed very much, to see him fly round so; and she put a piece of *bread* on the steel, and held it to him and said, "*Come*, biddy, *come*." And the bird swam round after the bread, just as he would if he had been alive and hungry.

Then Charlotte told her that she must not hold the steel too *near* the swan's mouth, for if she did, it would *fasten* on it, and she could not pull it *off*. Then George and Charlotte ran into the next room, to play with her cousin's bow and arrow, and her little pail of corn.

While they were there, Mary held the steel too near the bird; and his mouth and the steel fastened together, just like two pieces of wax; and because Mary could not pull the steel *off*, she *screamed* with all her *might;* for she *forgot* that when her father looked kindly at her, she did not mean to cry any more that day.

"*What! crying* again?" said her mother. "Why, mother, I did not *mean* to cry any more; and I *should* not have cried,—but this swan is so very *ugly*, he will not let go this piece of *steel*."

"It is not the *swan* that is naughty," said her father. "It is my own little *Mary*, who is not very good-natured. You put the steel too near the bird, and then because it fastened on his mouth, you *screamed*."

"Why did not you, like a patient little girl, say, *Mother*, will you be so good as to take this *off?* Would it not have been much better than to *cry* so?" Mary said that it *would* have been *much* better; and then she meant to be pleasant all day.

But George came running in with a dead *butterfly* which he had found on the window; and he struck his foot against Mary's little pail and spilled all the corn on the floor. "*O dear*," said Mary, "What an ugly *pail*." And she cried *again*.

When George had picked up all the corn, and Mary was quiet, Charlotte asked her aunt if she would be so good as to cut out some houses, and trees, and dogs, from some nice white *paper*, she held in her hand; and her aunt cut out a great many pretty things and made some little boats, and cocked-up hats for her and Mary.

After that, Mary's father went down into the *library;* and her mother said she was going to her chamber, a moment; and she said, "You must be very *kind* to each other, and I hope I shall not hear Mary *cry* again to-day."

What can you tell me of Mary? Of her troubles? &c.

LESSON XXI.

MORE ABOUT THE GIRL WHO WAS CROSS.

Now Mary's mother had told her a great many times, never to put any thing in her nose and ears; but when little girls are *cross*, they never know what to *do* with themselves; so Mary rolled up some of the paper, and stuffed it in her ears; and after she had done it, she was *frightened*, because her mother had told her it might hurt her very much.

So she cried, and ran to the foot of the stairs, and called out—"*Mother*, *mother*, I've got a *cocked-up-hat* in my ear." And her father and mother both came very *quickly;* for she called so *loud*, that they thought she was *half killed;* and when they heard what she said, they laughed *very much;* and that made Mary cry *louder*.

Her mother took the paper hat out of her ear, and dried up her tears; and when Mary looked round, she saw Charlotte sitting in her father's lap; and she puckered up her lip, and looked up to her mother with a very grieved face.

Her mother shook her *finger* at her,—so she did not *cry;* but her voice trembled very much, as she said, "Mother, Charlotte is sitting in *my* father's lap."

"That is because Charlotte is a good *girl*, and does not *cry*," said her father. "If little Mary had been a good-natured girl, *she* would have sat in my lap, too." Mary could not *bear* that; for she *loved*

her father very *dearly*,—and she laid her head down in her mother's lap, and sobbed.

"Mary is *sick, very* sick, I am sure," said her mother. "Charlotte, will you ring the bell, that I may tell Susan to take her to the nursery? She is too sick to sit up, I am *sure*."

"Oh, no, I am not sick; I am not sick; but I do *want* to cry," said Mary. But she knew it was *naughty* to do so; and in a few moments she took her mother's handkerchief, and wiped her face quite dry.

A gentleman came in, and began to talk with her father; and by-and-by, her father showed him one of Mary's picture books, and asked him to take it *home*, to show it to one of *his* little girls.

He put it in his pocket; and then Mary thought she should burst out *crying* again; but she remembered that her father had said she must not sit in his *lap* if she cried,—so she crept up softly behind his chair, and said, "Father, that is *my* book."

"I *know* it, my dear; and you shall *have* it again," whispered her father. In a few minutes, the gentleman went away, with the book in his pocket; Mary tried very hard to keep the tears from coming into her eyes.

She shut her mouth tight, and winked her eyes; and so she kept from crying. When she looked up, she saw her father was very much *pleased* with her, for trying to be so good.

He took her up in his lap, and kissed her, and said, "Now little Mary shall sit with me, because she did not cry, when she wanted to very much *indeed*."

And Mary said, "I never *mean* to cry so much again. My playthings break, and nobody loves me, and I feel sadly when I am so *cross*."

She was a better girl, afterwards: for she was always afraid that her mother would be obliged to tell her father again, "Little Mary is *cross* to-day."

What was in Mary's ear? What was it made of? What was done with one of Mary's picture books? Should children be willing that others should read their pretty books? Is it foolish and wrong to cry at every trifle? Would you rather be like Mary, or Peter?

LESSON XXII.

THE WAY NEVER TO CRY.

When little Robert Smith was about seven years of age, he was sitting one day on a little step, before the door of his father's house, crying very much.

Just at that time, Robert's *uncle* came to fetch him, to play with his little *cousins;* but as soon as his uncle saw his red *eyes*, and how *dirty* he had made his face, by wiping the tears away with his dirty *hands*, he thought he would not *take* Robert that day, but would rather wait, and see if he would not be a better boy.

"For," said his uncle to himself, "I cannot walk through the streets with a naughty boy; and

I am sure he must have been *naughty*, or he would have no cause to cry."

When his uncle came up to the little step where Robert sat, he said, "Well, Robert, are you *always* crying?—What is the matter?"

"Dear uncle," answered Robert, sobbing and rubbing his face again with his dirty hands; "I cry almost *all day long*."—"Where is your pocket handkerchief?" said his uncle: "you should not wipe your face with those dirty hands."

"I have *lost* my handkerchief," answered Robert. "Did any one take it out of your pocket?" asked his uncle. "No," said Robert: "I laid it *down* somewhere, and when I *wanted* it, I could not *find* it: I am *sure* it must be lost."

"But, my dear Robert," said his uncle, "whenever you use your pocket handkerchief, you should never lay it down, but always put it in your *pocket:* for if you do not know where you have *put* it, you can never know where to *find* it."

Robert cried and sobbed still louder than before; and stammered out as well as he could, "Dear uncle, do not *you* find fault with me too: every body huffs and reproves me *all day long*.

"When I go to the school, my master punishes me for not saying my *lesson;* when I come home, the maid says, 'O you naughty boy, what a *house* you make with your dirty feet;' when I go into the parlor, my father says, 'Why do you not shut the *door* after you?'

"My brothers and sisters are angry, and quarrel with me, whenever I break or lose any of their playthings: and now I have been turned out of the room, because I did not go to dinner when the ser-

vant called me, but staid to finish my game at *ball* with that little *boy* you met as you came.—Is it not very hard, dear uncle,—is it not very sad ?"

When Robert had done, his uncle said, "Yes, my dear little boy, I dare say you find it very hard to be huffed and found fault with ; but you should remember, my love, that nobody ever finds fault with *good* children, and that if you were to try and never do *wrong*, nobody would ever huff you or make you cry.

"Now I think it would be better, when you come from school in the afternoon, if you were never to go to *play*, till you have learned your lesson for the next morning.

"The next morning read it carefully over again before you go to school ; and when you have said your lesson well, your master will not *punish* you, but will say that you are a *good* boy, and that you will be a *clever man*.

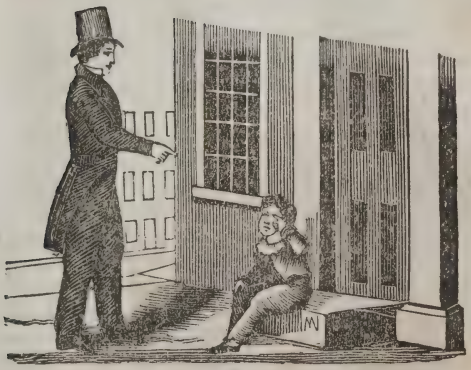
"When you come home from school, stop at the door, and scrape your *feet ;* not carelessly, but in a careful manner : then go to the mat and rub them until they are clean ; and then the maid will say, 'Here comes our little Robert ; he is a good boy —do you not hear how he scrapes and rubs his feet?'

When you go in or out of a room, shut the *door* every time after you. When you are with your brothers and sisters, never touch or take away any of their playthings, without first asking *leave*.

"If they let you have any thing, take care not to *break* it or *lose* it, and then your brothers and sisters will never *quarrel* with you, but will *love* you and lend you any thing they *have*.

"I would have you try and do all this, for a few

THE CRYING BOY.



"Dear uncle, I cry almost all day long."—p. 59.

THE CRYING BOY REFORMED.

"Now I *never* cry, and every body loves me."—p. 62.

days, and I am sure, when I come again, you will tell me you have had no *cause* to cry."

Little Robert remembered what his uncle had *said* to him, and tried to be a good boy; he became every day better and better, and cried every day less and less.

In about a week, Robert's uncle came *again*.

Robert ran to meet him at the garden gate.

"O," said Robert, "what a *good* uncle you are; you have made me quite *happy*. I have tried and done all that you *told* me; now I *never* cry, and every body *loves* me."

"I am very glad to *hear* it, my dear child," answered his uncle; "now you shall go with *me*. The *last* time I came, you should have gone; but as I found you a bad boy, I could not *take* you."

LESSON XXIII.

DEFINITIONS.

Absent, away, not at home.
Instrument, a tool.

THE GIRL WHO SWALLOWED FRUIT-STONES.

Ellen Martin had a habit of swallowing the stones of fruit. She once made herself so ill with *cherry-stones*, that her mother would not allow her to *eat* any more cherries that season.

But notwithstanding, as soon as *plums* came, she began to swallow *plum-stones:* and at last she

thought of trying to get down the stone of a *peach*. So she put one into her mouth, intending to take it *out* again, if she found it too *large*.

Just at that moment she happened to look out of the window near which she was standing, and she saw her *father* arrive at the door, after having been absent several weeks on a journey.

She was so glad to see him return, and she ran down stairs to meet him in such haste, that she *forgot* the peach-stone in her mouth. In running, she shook it down into her *throat*, where it stuck so fast that it could not be moved.

It choked and hurt her so dreadfully, that she thought she was going to die. Her face turned black with pain, and her eyes looked as if they were going to start from her head.

Her father and mother were *shocked* when they saw her. She could scarcely speak so as to make them understand what was the matter.

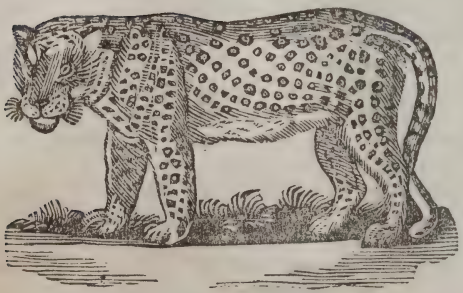
A doctor, who lived next door, was sent for, and with great difficulty he pulled out the peach-stone by putting an *instrument* down her throat, which was sore for a long time after; it having been so scratched and scraped that she spit up *blood*.

She never again swallowed fruit-stones.

Can you name a boy who is *absent* from school? A girl? Can you name an *instrument* for cutting wood? For mending a pen? Should you be *choked* if you had no air to breathe? How much air do you inhale in a day? *About one hundred hogsheads.*

LESSON XXIV.

THE LEOPARD.



The Leopard is an animal of the *cat* kind. The back of this animal is as high as the head of a child of two years *old*, and his body is as long as a *bench* on which four or five children can *sit*.

He is about two feet and a half *high*, and a little more than four feet and a half *long*. His shape is like that of the cat and the tiger. His head is small; his ears short; his body long, and his legs short and strong.

His color, along the back, is yellowish brown, spotted with black; his head, face, and throat are pale brown, and his breast pale yellow. Every part of his skin is spotted with black.

When this animal is quiet in his cage, and no one goes near him, he looks mild and innocent, like a cat. But if any person goes to him when he is

eating, or strikes at him with a *whip*, he *growls*, shows his *teeth*, and looks very *fierce* and *dangerous*.

The Leopard is not so cruel or ferocious a beast as the *tiger*. He is more kind to his *keeper* than the tiger, and will not always *bite* when he is touched with the *hand*.

He can even be *tamed* when taken quite *young*, and treated with *kindness*. *Some* Leopards have been so tame as to *follow* their masters like the *dog*, and when patted on the *head*, to *purr* like the *cat*.

He is however a *dangerous* animal, when *ever* so tame, for he will sometimes get *angry* and *fly* at his master and try to tear him in pieces. This animal is found in the greatest numbers in *Africa;* but he also lives in *China*.

The Leopard lives on such animals as he can catch, by *springing* upon them in the *woods*. But sometimes, when he is hungry, he will leave the woods, and go to the sheep-yards, where he makes *terrible* destruction, often killing a whole *flock* in one *night*.

The *hunting* Leopard is not so large as the *common* Leopard. He is sometimes *tamed* and taught to catch *other* animals for his *master*. He is taken into the woods in a cage, and when his master sees a *deer*, he takes the Leopard out and *shows* it to him. The cunning animal creeps along slyly, like a cat, until he gets near his game; he then *springs* upon it, and holds it *fast* for his master.

The *skin* of the Leopard is very beautiful, and sells at a high price. The *flesh* of the Leopard is

useful in Africa, where he is *eaten* by the poor *negroes.*

Is a sheep *ferocious?* Is a dog, when angry, ferocious?—How large is the Leopard? What is his color? How does he look when no one is near him? When he is eating? Can he be tamed? What does he live on? Of what use is the Leopard?

LESSON XXV.

DEFINITIONS.

Anecdote, a short story.
Provider, one who gets things ready for others.
Sheep-fold, a pen where sheep are kept.
Robbery, theft done by force.
Contend, to quarrel.
Pursue, to go after.

Can you tell me the opposite of Pleasure? Of Peace? Contented? Wrong? Right?

ANECDOTES OF THE LEOPARD.

The *Leopard*, like *other* beasts of this kind, shows no mercy to such living creatures as he can *master*. He *kills* what he does not *want*, and so long as he can have the pleasure of *destroying*, he does not even *eat*.

Thus, he often kills great *numbers*, without eating *any*. Mr. Kolbe says, that two Leopards, with their three young ones, stole into a sheep-fold one

night at the Cape of *Good Hope*, and killed nearly a hundred *sheep*. It seemed, from the short *time* they had to make all this destruction, that they did not *eat* any thing until all the sheep were killed.

The old ones then took three *sheep*, that were *dead*, and laid them before their *young* ones to *eat*, and having all ate as much as they *wanted*, the *parents* like good providers for their *family*, each took a whole *sheep* in their mouths, and began to move towards the *woods*.

They however paid *dearly* for this night's robbery; for the *people*, *finding* what had happened, pursued, and *destroyed* them all, except the old *male*, who escaped to the woods, in spite of all they could do.

Mr. Kolbe also says, that the Leopard will not, like the wolf and hyena, eat flesh that has been long killed; nor will he touch any meat that has been killed by other *animals*.

Leopards are so selfish and quarrelsome, that they cannot live in *peace* even with each other. When two are shut up together in a cage, one seems to wish the other *dead*, so that he can have all the *food* that is given them.

When they have a piece of meat thrown in for *both*, they cannot be contented to *divide* it, and each take his *part*, but they both want the *whole*, so that they keep growling and striking each other, as long as any of their *food* is left.

When it is all eaten *up*, and there is nothing to *contend* about, they again become *good-natured* and *friendly*, and lie down together in peace. But they are always ready to *fight* again, if there is any thing to quarrel *about*.

I have seen some *children*, who, like the Leopards, were always ready to *quarrel*, or even to *fight*, when they could not have every thing they *wanted*. Such children are much *worse* than Leopards, because these dumb beasts do not know good from evil, and therefore do not know that it is *wrong* to fight.

But children *know* good from evil. They are taught by their *parents*, and at *Sunday Schools*, that it is not only mean and shameful to quarrel and fight, but that it is *wicked* in the sight of *God*.

Now let every child, when he is angry, say to himself, If I quarrel and fight I shall be no better than a *leopard* or a *dog;* but I *ought* to be better than these animals, for God has given me power to *speak*, to know *good* from *evil*, which power he has *not* given to the beasts.

Let him think, also, that if *other* children quarrel, and do wicked things, this is no excuse for *him*, and that it is better in the sight of all good people, and in the sight of *God*, to *suffer* wrong than to *do* wrong.

What is said of the Leopard's showing mercy? What of those who broke into a sheep-fold? How will two Leopards appear when shut up in a cage together? What is said of children who are always ready to quarrel? What should every child say to himself when he gets angry? What is better than to do wrong?

LESSON XXVI.

DEFINITIONS.

Delicious, highly pleasing to the taste.
Attracted, engaged, invited.
Ascend, to go up.
Arrive, to get to a place.
Recover, to get back again.

Can you tell me the opposite of Began? Possible? Quick? Slyly? Behind? Returned? Thinner? Narrow? Safe?

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Robinet, a very poor man, after a hard day's work, was returning home with a *basket* in his hand. What a delicious *supper* I shall have! said he to himself.

This piece of kid well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the *governor*. Then I have a good piece of a barley loaf at home to *finish* with. How I long to be *at* it!

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel nimbly running up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. Ha! thought he, what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little nephew! I'll try if I can *get* it.

Upon this, he set down his basket in the road, and began to climb up the tree. He had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a *dog* with his *nose* in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh.

He made all possible speed down, but the dog was too *quick* for him, and ran off with the *meat* in his mouth. Robinet looked after him—Well, said he, then I must be content with a soup, *without* meat—and no bad thing either.

He travelled on, and came to a little public house by the roadside, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench, drinking beer. He invited Robinet to *take* a draught. Robinet seated himself by his friend, and placed his basket on the bench by him.

A tame raven, which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the *meal* was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole.

Robinet did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. Well, says he, my soup will be the *thinner*, but I will boil a slice of *bread* with it, and that will do it *some* good at least.

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up, to pass at the same time, Robinet offered her his hand.

As soon as she had got to the middle, either through fear or sport, she shrieked out, and cried she was *falling*. Robinet hastening to support her

with his *other* hand, let his basket drop into the stream.

As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out, he perceived that all the *salt* was melted, and the *pepper* washed away. Nothing was left but the *onions*.

Well! says Robinet, then I must sup to-night upon *roasted onions* and *barley bread*. Last night I had the bread *alone*. To-morrow morning it will not *signify* what I had. So saying, he *trudged* on, singing as before.

What can you tell me of Robinet and his losses? Can you name something which you think is *delicious?* Something else? Is wormwood delicious? &c. What will *attract* a horse? A cat? What *ascends* the chimney? Does rain ascend? Can birds ascend? Where shall you *arrive* soon after school is out? Can you *recover* your time, if you spend it idly? &c. Are those persons the most happy who make the best of every thing?

LESSON XXVII.

THE LITTLE MISER.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had four children; and William was one of them. He would never *spend* a cent; but used to put all the pocket-money that was allowed him, and all the money that any body *gave* to him, into an old garden pot.

The garden pot was covered over with a piece of wood, and hidden in a corner of the garden, under some earth and brick-bats; so that no one could *see* it, or know where to *find* it.

The greatest pleasure William had was to *count over* his money, and to cover it *up* again.

When William and his brothers and sisters were seated, one morning, at breakfast, his father said, "Children, do you know that last night, while we were all sleeping safely and quietly in our beds, there was in another part of the town a *dreadful fire*, which has burnt the houses, and the clothes, and the furniture, of a *number* of very *poor*, but very *honest* people?"

"O, poor creatures, that is very shocking: I wonder what they will *do?*" said Sophy. "I am going to *tell* you, love," said the father. "After there has been a fire, there are always many people who go to see the ruins."

"What do you *mean* by ruins?" asked Edward.

"After a house has been burned, so as to fall down, there remains in the place where the house stood, a great heap of the brick-bats, and wood, and mortar, of which the house had been made, and even sometimes there remains still a part of the house: now this, all together, is called the ruins.

"Do you all understand me, children?" asked the father. The children said they understood it very well; and he went on.

"Now I was telling you, that many people go to see these ruins. There stands a man near the place, with a box or a plate in his hands, and he holds the box or plate to the people who go, and they put *money* into it; and this money is given to the poor people whose things have been *burnt*.

"Your mother and I are going to take a walk to the place to-day, and if any of you like to go with us, we will wait till you all come from *school*."

The children thanked their father, and said they

should like to go; and as soon as breakfast was over, the children went to school. At 12 o'clock they all came home again, and found their father and mother ready to go; and Sophy asked her mother, whether she intended to *give* any thing to the poor people.

The mother said, she went there on *purpose* to give them something. "Your father," said she, "will give for himself and me." Sophy said she had three sixpences, and that she would give *one* of the sixpences to her father, that he might give it *for* her.

Edward said, he could not give any thing, because he had given as much as he could afford the day before, to a poor woman who went to the hospital. Little Anna, the youngest child, said, "pray, father, do you think that *three cents* will do the poor people any good?"

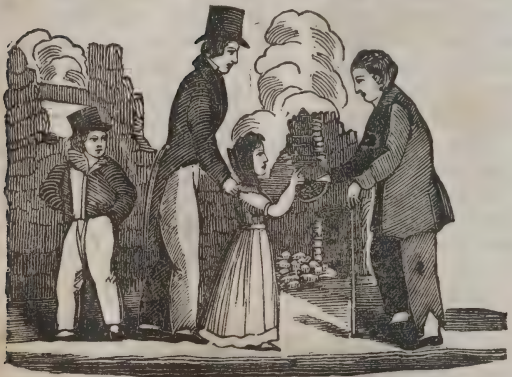
"Three cents *alone*, my child," said the father, "would do but little good; but when we think that many persons will give three cents a-piece, who cannot afford to give any *more;* and that all these cents together will make a large sum of money, I think you will do well to *give* it to them."

William stood in the corner of the room; but he did not *say* a word, or offer to *give* any thing. "William," said the mother, "now you may *do good* with some of the money you have. I am sure you must have a great deal, for I believe you never *spend* any thing."

"No," said William, "I never *spend* any. I have all my money safe."

"And for what *purpose* do you keep it, my dear? What do you intend to *do* with it?"

THE LITTLE MISER.



"This money is given to the poor people whose things have been burnt."—p. 72.

LITTLE MISER PUNISHED.

"How vexed and sorry he was, to find his money all gone."—p. 76.

"I do not intend to do *any thing* with it; I like to *keep* it, and get more to *put* to it."

William's father told him, that money was of no use, except when we would *do good* with it, either to ourselves, or to those who are in *want* of it. "If you saved your money to *do* any thing with, or to *buy* any thing with, or to *give* to any body, I should think you did *right;* but, as it is, William, I think you act very *wrong*."

When William's father had said this, they all set out; and when they came to the place where the fire had been, they found many poor people, and many poor children.

Some were sitting half naked, because all their *clothes* had been burnt; and many poor children were crying for their fathers and mothers who had been *burnt;* or who had broken their arms or legs, in jumping out of the windows to save their lives.

When Mr. Anderson, the children's father, put the money, which he and their mother gave, into the box which the man held in his hand, Sophy said softly to her brother William, "If you could only be *half* as happy as *we* are, from thinking that what we give to these poor people will help to make them more *happy*, you would not mind giving them all you *have*."

"There is no *need* of my giving them any thing," said he. "Did not you see how *many* people there were who gave them money?"

"But," said Sophy, "suppose *every body*, instead of giving them something, had said, 'O, there will be *people* enough to give; *I* have no need to give,'—do you not think they would have had very little?"

William nad not had time that day to look at his money and count it ; and therefore, as soon as they all got home, he went into the garden, to the place he always *kept* it in, and lifted up the brick-bats which covered his garden pot.

He then lifted up the bit of wood which lay over the pot—but how vexed and sorry he was to find his money *all gone*, and a parcel of little *stones* instead of it, and a little piece of *paper*, on which was written—

"Foolish boy! you have only lost that which you did not *use ;* and *stones* will do as well to *count* as *money*."

What can you tell me about little William? Should we always try to help those who are in trouble? Is it best to do any thing, if we can help them but little? Why? Is it best to spend money for things which do no good, while many poor people have no way to get food? Would you rather be like William or Sophy?

LESSON XXVIII.

DEFINITIONS.

Obstruct, to stop, to hinder in passing.
Ferry, to carry over water in a boat.
Habitation, a place to live in.
Hospitable, kind to strangers and visitors, without wanting pay.

THE MAN WHO WAS HOSPITABLE.

As Judge Hall was returning from one of the Western States, he was overtaken by the night, and

found his path obstructed by a river. Seeing a house on the opposite side, he called for *help*.

A half-naked fellow came down, and with some trouble ferried him over. The Judge followed him to his habitation. It was of the meanest kind, being made of logs, and having but one room. There were seven or eight persons in the family, and every thing looked as if they were very poor.

"After drinking a bowl of *milk*," says the Judge, "which I merely called for by way of excuse for paying him a little more for his trouble, I asked to know his charge for ferrying me over the water; to which he good-humoredly replied, that he 'never took *money* for helping a traveller on his way.'

"Then let me pay you for your *milk*."

"I never *sell* milk."

"But," said I, "I would *rather* pay you; I have *money* enough."

"Well," said he, "I have *milk* enough; so we are *even*. I have as good a right to give you *milk*, as you have to give me *money*."

Can you *obstruct* the burning of a fire? How?—What kind of *habitations* do people have here? What are they made of? Where do squirrels make their habitations? Would the poor man have been *hospitable* if he had asked a great price for helping the other man? Would it have been right? Do you think little William would have wanted pay, if he helped any body? Why?

LESSON XXIX.

DEFINITIONS.

Debate, a dispute.
Resign, to give up.
Enslave, to make another a slave.
Shaft, the pole of a carriage.

THE HOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

A debate once arose among the animals in a farm-yard, which of them was most valued by their master. After the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, and the dog, had spoken, the *hog* took up the discourse.

"It is plain," said he, "that the greatest value must be set upon that animal which is kept most for his *own sake*, without expecting from him any return of use and service. Now which of you can boast so much in that respect as *I* can?

"As for *you*, horse, though you are very well fed and lodged, and have servants to attend upon you and make you sleek and clean, yet all this is for the sake of your *labor*.

"Do not I see you taken out early every morning, put in chains, or fastened to the shafts of a heavy cart, and not brought back till noon? when after a short respite, you are taken to work *again* till late in the evening. I must say just the same to the *ox*, except that he works for poorer *fare*.

"As for *you*, Mrs. Cow, who are so dainty over your chopped straw and potatoes, you are thought

worth keeping only for your *milk*, which is drained from you twice a day to the last drop, while your poor *young ones* are taken from you, and sent I know not whither.

"*You*, poor innocent sheep, are turned out to shift for yourselves upon the bare hills, or penned up with now and then a withered *turnip*, or some musty *hay*.

"*You* pay dearly enough for your keeping, by giving up your warm *coat* every year, for want of which you are liable to be *frozen* to death on some of the cold nights before summer.

"As for the *dog*, who prides himself so much on being admitted to our master's table, and made his companion, that he will scarcely condescend to reckon himself one of us, he is obliged to do all the offices of a *servant* by day, and to keep watch during the *night*, while *we* are quietly asleep.

"In short, you are all of you creatures maintained for *use*—poor things, made to be enslaved or pillaged. *I*, on the contrary, have a warm stye and plenty of provisions, all at *free cost*.

"I have nothing to do but grow *fat* and follow my amusement; and my master is best pleased when he sees me lying at ease in the sun, or *filling* myself."

This was not long before *winter* began. It proved a very scarce season for *fodder* of all kinds, so that the farmer began to consider how he was to *maintain* all his live stock till spring.

"It will be *impossible* for me," thought he, "to keep them *all*; I must therefore part with those I can best *spare*. As for my horses and working

oxen, I shall have business enough to employ *them; they* must be kept, cost what it *will*.

"My cows will not give me much in the winter, but they will in the spring. I must not lose the profit of my *dairy*.

"The *sheep*, poor things, will take care of themselves as long as there is a bite upon the *hills;* and if deep *snow* comes, we must do with them as well as we can, by the help of a few turnips and some hay, for I must have their *wool* at shearing time.

"But my *hogs* will eat me out of *house* and *home*, without doing me any *good*. *They* must be killed, that's *certain;* and the sooner I get rid of the *fat* ones, the *better*."

So saying, he singled out the *orator* as one of the fattest among them, and sent him to the butcher the very next day.

When shall you have a *respite* from study? Ought you to have one before you have learned your lesson? Can you name something to which you are *liable*? Something else?

LESSON XXX.

THE LISTENER.

Charlotte Walden had a constant desire to hear what every body was *saying*, and she was so mean as to listen at doors, and to hide herself, that she might hear things that were not *intended* for her to know.

Charlotte's mother often told her that a *listener* is almost as bad as a *thief*. A *thief* steals *money* or property that belongs to *other people*, and a *listener* steals the *secrets* of others.

All persons that are in the habit of *listening*, make themselves appear mean, and deserve to be *punished*.

Charlotte's father and mother sent her out of the room, when they were going to talk of any thing that they did not wish her to *hear*, but she always remained listening at the door with her ear close to the key-hole.

One of her *curls* once got entangled in the *key*, and when her father suddenly opened the door, she fell forward into the room, and hurt her *nose* so that it *bled*.

When she knew that her mother had *visitors* in the parlor, or that her father had *gentlemen* there with him on *business*, she would quit her lessons or her playthings, and come softly down stairs and listen at the door; or would slip into the garden and crouch down under the open *window*, that she might hear what they were *saying*.

Once when she was stooping, half double, under the parlor window, her father, not knowing that she was *there*, and finding that a *fly* had got into a glass of beer that he was going to drink, went to throw out the *beer*, and emptied the tumbler on Charlotte's *head*.

Once when she heard her mother say, that she expected two ladies at three o'clock on particular business, Charlotte went into the parlor before the time of their arrival, and hid herself under a *bed* that stood there.

Here she lay till the ladies arrived, and her mother came down to them. A dog belonging to one of the ladies ran directly to the bed, and began to snuff and scratch as if he had *found* something.

The lady said, "I think Carlo must have smelled a *cat* under the bed." Mrs. Walden got up to look, but before she reached the bed, the dog had lifted the bed-clothes with his nose, and discovered the naughty girl, who hid her face with her hands.

Her mother called one of the maids, desiring her to take Charlotte and *lock her up* in a back chamber, for the remainder of the day.

One evening, after she was old enough to put herself to *bed*, her little *lamp* blew out as she was going up stairs, and she went down to the kitchen to get it *lighted*. When she came near the door, she found that the servants were talking with some of their acquaintances about *families* in which they had formerly *lived*.

Being very desirous of hearing all they said, she did not go into the kitchen to light her lamp, but slipped into the *cellar*, which had two doors, one opening into a little *entry*, and one into the *kitchen itself*.

Leaning her head against this *door*, which had a very wide crack, she seated herself on a large log of wood, and listened for a while with great attention, till she began to *doze*, and at last fell fast *asleep*.

When the servants were going to bed, they *bolted* both the cellar doors, not knowing that any person was there, and went up *stairs*, leaving *Charlotte* in a deep *sleep*.

Some time in the middle of the night she awoke by falling off the log backwards, upon a heap of coal. The back of her neck and head were very much *hurt*, and began to *bleed*.

When she first awoke, she did not know where she *was*, or what had *happened* to her; but when she found herself alone at midnight in the dark cellar, and felt the pain of the bruises and cuts in her head and neck, and knew that the *blood* was trickling from them, she began to *scream violently*.

The loudness of the noise awoke her father and mother; and Mr. Walden, putting on his flannel gown, and taking the night lamp, ran up into Charlotte's *room*, knowing the voice to be *hers*. To his great surprise, he found she was not *there*, and that there was no appearance of her having been in bed that *night*.

The screams grew louder and louder, and Mr. Walden found that they came from the *cellar*. By *this* time, every one in the *house* was up; and the women stood at the head of the stairs, while the servant man followed Mr. Walden.

When they came to the cellar, they found Charlotte stretched on a bed of coals, her white frock blackened by the *coal dust*, and stained with blood, her face deadly pale, and herself altogether in a sad condition.

Her father took her in his arms, and it was some time before she could speak to tell how she *came* into the cellar. He carried her to her mother, who was much *shocked* to see her in such a wretched state.

Charlotte's soiled and bloody *clothes* were taken off, and she was washed, and a clean night-gown

put on her. The wounds in her head and neck were dressed with bandages, and she was carried to bed crying, and faint with the loss of blood. She had a high fever, and could not sleep, and her mother sat by her bed-side all the rest of the night.

By the time Charlotte Walden got well of her *hurts*, she was entirely *cured* of her inclination for *listening*, and never again showed a desire to overhear what people were talking about or to pry into *secrets*.

Is it mean to listen at doors? What does a listener steal? What do those who are in the habit of listening deserve? What happened to Charlotte, when listening at the key-hole? Under the window? Under the bed? At the cellar door?

Can you name something which you are *desirous* of doing? Which you are not desirous of doing? What is the meaning of *remain?* When you are sent to do an errand, should you remain after it is done?

LESSON XXXI.

LETTER FROM A LAD AT SEA, TO HIS MOTHER.

Ship Fair Trader, June 14th, 1812.

My Honored Mother,

We have had *boisterous* and wet *weather*, and I have been very *sea-sick*, since we left New York; but it has been *pleasant*, yesterday and to-day, and I am now much *better*. This sea-sickness is the most distressing feeling that I ever *knew*. I could hardly hold up my *head*.

For several days I ate nothing except one or two of the *crackers* you gave me. I don't know but I should have *starved*, if it had not been for *them;* for I could not bear the *sight* of the *ship* bread. I do not mean to *complain*, I only wanted to tell you just how it *is*. In a little time, I believe, I shall get *hardened*, and begin to eat of the sailors' fare with a good *relish*.

Nothing very *remarkable* has happened to us, *so* far on our passage. Two or three *vessels* passed us at a great distance; and yesterday, an *English* ship came near us. The Captain hallooed to them, with his *speaking* trumpet. They said they were out twenty-one *days* from the city of *Bristol*, bound to *Kingston* in *Jamaica*.

They were freighted with nails, window glass, hollow ware, dry goods, and crockery; and expected to carry back a cargo of sugar, molasses, and pimento; with a few boxes of limes and lemons.

One thing I could not help noticing. As a ship *approached* us, at a great *distance*, it appeared like a *speck* on the surface of the *water*. We saw at *first* only the top of the sails; because the *sea*, like a *bow*, rose up between *them* and *us:* but as we came *nearer*, we could see lower and lower down the mast, till the whole *body* of the ship hove in sight.

This shows plainly that the world is *round*. It was as if one little *fly* was creeping towards *another*, on an *orange*. They would first peep over the rounding part, and just see each other's *backs;* and so, by degrees, down to the *feet*.

It is now fifteen days that I have been out of sight of *land*. It appears as if the sun rose out of the *sea* in the morning, and sunk *into* it again at *night*. I should be very glad to get a sight of *hills* and *trees* once more, and sleep in a *house* that will stand still in its *place*, instead of *rolling* about, and making my *head* so dizzy.

Though I have been but a short time from *home*, I want very much to *see* you all. When I get to *Liverpool*, I will write *again*.

Please to give my best respects to uncle *Jacob*, and all our good *friends*.

Your dutiful *son*,
JACK HALYARD.

LESSON XXXII.

LETTER FROM THE SAME, TO HIS BROTHER.

On board the ship Fair Trader, June 15th, 1812.

My dear brother,

I wrote a letter yesterday for our kind *mother*. I thought we should meet some vessel that would carry it to the United States, and that she would wish to hear how I *make out* in this new business, ploughing the water with a ship. It has been a pretty hard *time* with me; but I hope the *worst* is over. When I get home I will tell you *more* about it.

You may be sure I shall not make wry faces for *trifles;* but, if I am any *judge* in the case, I have taken a pretty thorough *seasoning* with sea-sickness. I believe you don't know much about what

that means. You *will* know very *well*, my good fellow, if you ever *try* it, though Captain Mitchell says, it does not often quite *kill* folks.

Just after I finished the letter to my dear mother, we saw a very large *whale*, lying on the smooth sea. As our ship came near him, he began to spout and flounce, raising a great foam in the water, and soon dove out of sight.

I remember reading of whales, in many books; but I did not think they were of such monstrous size. This one was as long as our *garden*, or as Mr. Buskirk's great *barn* in New-Jersey. These huge creatures were called, in old time, Leviathans. There has lately been a high dispute whether they are *fish* or not; because they differ so much from the *rest* of the water tribes.

One of our passengers, a very learned man, who has been acquainted with many whales, says they have *warm blood*, like land animals. Proper fish have *cold blood*. Whales have lungs, and breathe the air, like an ox or a horse: and can stay only a short time under water.

I used to think they remained deep in the sea; but they live on the top of it, and would *drown* if they could not come up to *breathe*. The female whales nurture their young, as much as sheep do their lambs; but this is not the way with *shad* and *trouts*. *Their* young ones must take care of themselves, as well as they *can*, or be eaten up by the large fish.

Our learned passenger is an eminent Natural Philosopher. He says all creatures are divided into different *classes*, according to their leading

qualities. The class of dogs is called the *canine* family; because the Latin word *canis* means dog.

Wolves are nothing but wild dogs, and every wild dog becomes, in fact, a wolf. They have the same kind of teeth and paws. Foxes belong to that kind of quadrupeds, and bark like the others.

Lions, and tigers, and panthers, are only large cats; and rats and mice are *small* ones. They have smellers, and whiskers, and soft feet, and long sharp claws, like each other, and they all belong to the cat family; but more about this another time.

Present my best love to those two little frolicsome *girls* at home. Give each of them forty-five kisses for me, on each *cheek*, and see how many *that* will make.

Your affectionate *brother*,
JACK HALYARD.

LESSON XXXIII.

DEFINITIONS.

Rush, to move with violence.
Attack, to fall upon violently.
Wound, a hurt.
Approach, to draw near.
Carcass, the dead body of an animal.
Float, to swim on the surface of the water.
Fin, the wing of a fish.
Blubber, the fat of whales.
Defend, to keep off another.

THE WHALE.

Here is a picture of the Whale that Jack wrote to his brother about.

The Whale is the largest animal of which we can give any certain account. The Greenland Whale measures from fifty to eighty feet in length; those found in the South Seas are said sometimes to measure one hundred and fifty.

The head makes one third of the whole animal; the mouth is very wide, and the *under* lip broader than the *upper* one.

The tongue is very large, and yields five or six barrels of oil. There are two holes in the middle of the head, through which it spouts water to a great height, with a great deal of noise.

Whales are shy and timid, having no way to *defend* themselves, except with their *tails.* When they see a *boat* coming, they generally *dive;* but sometimes they rush against a boat, and dash it in pieces with one stroke of the tail.

Many ships are employed in the Whale Fisheries. Each ship carries six or seven boats; each boat has a harpoon, several lances, and a very long line. Thus prepared, they attack the Whale.

As soon as the Whale is struck with a harpoon, he darts down into the water, dragging with him the harpoon and the line which is fastened to it. If the line were to become entangled, it would either snap like a thread, or overset the boat. That this may not happen, a man attends to the line, to see that it goes out regularly.

When the Whale comes up to breathe, the harpooner gives him a *fresh* wound, till at last he grows faint from loss of blood. The men then venture to approach him, and a long lance is thrust into his breast, which soon puts an end to his life.

When the carcass begins to float, they cut holes in the fins and tail, and having put ropes through them, they fasten him to the ship. They then cut out the blubber and whalebone, and leave the carcass to float away.

There have sometimes been more than two hundred and fifty British ships employed in the Whale Fishery. In the year 1814, seventy-six British vessels procured over fourteen hundred Whales.

How long is the Whale? How long is this room? How much longer is the Whale? How much oil is made from its tongue? Are Whales bold? How are they caught? What is taken out of them? Can fish live without air? *They cannot; every portion of water contains air.* Can the Whale live with what air he gets in the water?

LESSON XXXIV.

DEFINITIONS.

Social, ready to mix with others in a friendly way.
Noted, much known.

THE OSTRICH.

The Ostrich is a bird of great *size*, very *strong*, and having the finest and most beautiful feathers, black and white. Yet it is by no means a *handsome* bird, as it has very *few* feathers upon it, and a large part of the body is quite *naked*.

Ostriches live in the deserts of Arabia and Africa, feeding, chiefly, upon vegetables; leading a social and harmless life. They lay their eggs, as many as forty or fifty in a season, in the sand, where they are often *forgotten* by the mother, or are destroyed by the wild beasts. The eggs are very large, being four or five inches in thickness.

This animal devours leather, hair, grass, stones, oyster-shells, lead, iron, or any thing that is *given* to it, and is always ready to *eat*. The size of this animal is very *great*, being from seven to eight feet high when the head is raised, and it is strong enough to carry a *stout man* on its back.

The Ostrich runs with great swiftness, its legs being long, and as large as a young *colt's;* its wings also serve as sails and oars to help it along. It never tries to *fly*, for the feathers are not like those of any *other* bird; they are not close and fast together like the feather of a quill, but *loose*, and all very soft and downy.

It has on each wing two curious *spurs*, which, it is said, are of use by bleeding the animal as the wings flap against its sides, when it runs and becomes overheated; for it is naturally very hot-blooded, and might, but for this means of relief, be *suffocated*.

The head is small, the neck very long, and being covered with very small feathers, you can observe any thing large that it swallows, passing in a winding way down to the body.

The eyes are bright, large, and round, with eye-lashes, the thighs without feathers, the legs covered with scales, and the foot has two large toes; the inside one, the largest, is about seven inches long, with a claw at the end, with which it strikes a very severe blow.

It fights with its feet, and has been known to rip open the body of a man with a single blow. When roused it makes a grand appearance; the head is thrown up, the breast forward, and the

wings stretched out and quivering in a beautiful manner.

When pursued, it leaves behind the swiftest Arabian horses, but in a hunt of five or six hours is worn out. The Ostrich is noted for its want of care to its young, and as being a stupid creature, and very timid.

I saw one some time since, which, when it was to be moved from one place to another, became so frightened that it could not walk, and had to be carried by two or three *men*, its weight being equal to a barrel of *flour*.

How many eggs will an Ostrich lay in a season? How large are the eggs? What do Ostriches eat? How high are they? How high is this room? Is the Ostrich strong? How heavy is it? Are many men as heavy?

LESSON XXXV.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My Father, my Mother, I know
I cannot your kindness *repay;*
But I hope, that as older I grow,
I shall learn your *commands* to obey.

You lov'd me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smil'd;
But now that I know it so well,
I *should* be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty, and give you a *pain:*

I hope I shall learn to be good,
And never so grieve you again.

But for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I'm saying my *prayer*,
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

LESSON XXXVI.

DEFINITIONS.

Impatient, hasty, uneasy, fretful.
Gradually, a little at a time.
Protected, kept from injury.
Guarded, protected.

THE CHESTNUT BURR.

One fine pleasant morning, in the fall of the year, the Master was walking along towards school, and he saw three or four boys under a large chestnut tree, gathering *chestnuts*. One of the boys was sitting upon the ground, trying to open some chestnut burrs which he had knocked off from the tree. The burrs were *green*, and he was trying to open them by *pounding* them with a *stone*.

He was a very *impatient* boy, and was *scolding*, in a loud and angry tone, against the *burrs*. He did not see, he said, what in the world chestnuts were made to *grow* so for. They ought to grow right out in the open air, like apples; and not have

such vile prickly *skins* on them, just to plague the *boys*.

So saying, he struck, with all his might, a fine large burr, crushed it to pieces, and then jumped up, using, at the same time, profane and wicked words. As soon as he turned round, he saw the *Master* standing very near him. Then he felt very much ashamed and afraid, and hung down his head.

"*Roger*," said the Master, (for this boy's name was Roger,) "can you get me a *chestnut burr ?*"

Roger looked up a moment, as if to see whether the Master was in *earnest*, and then began to look around for a burr.

A boy who was standing near the tree, with a red cap full of burrs in his hand, held *out* one of them.

Roger took the burr and handed it to the Master, who quietly put it in his pocket, and walked away without saying a word.

As soon as he was gone, the boy with the red cap, said to Roger, "I expected the Master would have given you a good *scolding* for talking so."

"The Master never *scolds*," said another boy, who was sitting on a log pretty near, with a green satchel in his hand, "but you see if he does not *remember* it.

Roger looked as if he did not know what to *think* about it."

"I wish," said he, "I knew what he is going to *do* with that burr."

That afternoon, when the lessons had been all recited, and it was about time to dismiss the school, the boys put away their books, and the Master read a few verses in the Bible, and then offered a prayer,

in which he asked God to forgive all the sins which any of them had committed that day, and to take care of them during the night.

After this he asked all the boys to sit *down*. He then took his *handkerchief* out of his pocket, and laid it on the desk, and afterwards he put his hand into his *pocket* again, and took out the chestnut *burr*, and all the boys *looked* at it.

"Boys," said he, "do you know what *this* is?"

One of the boys in the back seat, said, in a half whisper, "it is nothing but a chestnut burr."

"Lucy," said the Master, to a bright eyed little girl sitting near him, "what is *this?*"

"It is a chestnut *burr*, sir," said she.

"Do you know what it is *for?*"

"I suppose there are *chestnuts* in it."

"But what is this rough prickly *covering* for?" Lucy did not *know*.

"Does *any* body *here* know?" said the Master.

One of the boys said he supposed it was to hold the chestnuts *together*, and keep them up on the tree.

"But I heard a boy say," replied the Master, "that he thought they ought not to be made to *grow* so.—The *nut itself*, he thought, ought to hang *alone* on the branch, *without* any prickly covering, just as *apples* do."

"But the nuts themselves have no *stems* to be *fastened by*," answered the same boy.

"That is true, but I suppose this boy thought that God could have made them grow with *stems* and that this would have been better than to have them in *burrs*."

After a little pause, the Master said he would *explain* to them what the chestnut burr was for, and wished them all to listen attentively.

Who heard Roger use wicked words? Who else? Who else? What does the Bible say of him who takes God's name in vain? What kind of men use wicked words?—What did the Master do? Who expected he would give Roger a scolding? What did another boy say? Can *you* tell what chestnut burrs are for?

LESSON XXXVII.

WHAT THE CHESTNUT BURR IS FOR.

"How much of the chestnut is good to *eat*, William?" asked he, looking at the boy before him

"Only the *meat*."

"How long does it take the meat to *grow?*"

"All *summer*, I suppose, it is growing."

"Yes; it begins early in summer, and gradually grows and swells until it has become of full size and is ripe, in the fall. Now suppose there was a *tree* out here near the school-house, and the chestnut meats should grow upon it *without* any shell or covering; suppose, too, that they should taste like good ripe *chestnuts* at *first*, when they were very *small*. Do you think they would be *safe?*"

William said, "No! the *boys* would pick them, and eat them before they had time to *grow*."

"Well, what harm would there be in *that?* would it not be as well to have the chestnuts early in *summer* as to have them in the *full?*"

William hesitated. Another boy who sat next him, said, "There would not be so much *meat* in the chestnuts, if they were eaten before they had time to *grow*."

"Right," said the Master, "but would not the boys know this, and so all agree to let the little chestnuts *stay*, and not eat them while they were *small?*"

William said he thought they would *not*. If the chestnuts were *good*, he was afraid they would pick them off and eat them, if they *were* small.

All the rest of the boys in the school thought so too.

"Here, then," said the Master, "is *one* reason for having *prickles* around the chestnuts when they are little. But then it is not necessary to have *all* chestnuts guarded from boys in this way: a great many of the trees are in the *woods*, which the boys do not *see;* what good do the burrs do in *these* trees?"

The boys hesitated. Presently the boy who had the green satchel under the tree with Roger, who was sitting in one corner of the room, said, "I should think they would keep the *squirrels* from eating them."

"And *besides*," continued he, after thinking a moment, "I should suppose, if the meat of the chestnut had no covering, the rain might *wet* it and make it *rot*, or the sun *dry* and *wither* it."

"Yes," said the Master, "these are very *good* reasons why the nut should be carefully guarded. *First*, the meats are packed away in a hard brown shell, which the water cannot get through; this keeps it dry and away from *dust*, and *other* things which might injure it.

"Then several nuts thus protected grow together closely, inside this green prickly covering, which spreads over them and guards them from the larger animals and the boys. When the chestnut gets its full *growth*, and is *ripe*, this covering you know splits *open*, and the *nuts* drop out, and then *any body* can get them, and *eat* them."

The boys were then all satisfied that it was better that chestnuts should grow in *burrs*.

"But why," asked one of the boys, "do not *apples* grow so?"

"Can any body answer *that* question?" said the Master.

The boy with the green satchel said that apples had a smooth, tight *skin*, which kept out the *wet*, but he did not see how they were guarded from *animals*.

The Master said it was by their *taste*. "They are *hard* and *sour* before they are full grown, and so the taste is not *pleasant*, and nobody wants to *eat* them, except sometimes a few foolish boys, and *these* are often punished by being made *sick*.

"When the apples are full *grown*, then they change from sour to sweet, and become *mellow*; then they can be *eaten*. Can you tell me of any *other* fruits which are preserved in this way?"

One boy answered, *strawberries* and *blackberries*, and another said, *peaches* and *pears*.

Another boy then asked why the *peach-stone* was not outside of the *peach*, so as to keep it from being *eaten*. But the Master said he would explain *this* another time. Then he *dismissed* the scholars, after asking Roger to wait till the rest had *gone*, as he wished to see him *alone*.

What good does the chestnut burr do? What else? Why do not apples grow so? Who want to eat apples before they are grown? How are they often punished? Why do you suppose the Master kept Roger after the rest had gone?

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE TWO PEAR TREES.

Betsy Bloom was a fine, straight, well-made child; and she had a very beautiful face. The servant, who used to dress her in the morning, when she got up, and to undress her at night, when she went to bed, would often say to her, "What a beautiful, fine *Miss* you are! I am sure, not one of your play-fellows is *half* so beautiful."

There was an old woman, who had nursed Betsy, that used to come and see her, and almost every time she came, she used to say to Betsy "*Bless* your pretty face, my sweet Miss! I am sure I think you grow prettier *every day*."

Betsy heard so much about her prettiness, that she began to think she was *better* than other children, who were not so pretty.

If any of her school-fellows were *homely*, Betsy would not *speak* to them: at last, she became so naughty, that she would sometimes *mock* them, and give them *nick-names*.

Betsy's father and mother were very *fond* of her; and paid so much attention to her, that they saw all her faults, and always tried to make her a good girl; "for," said they, when they were talking

THE PROUD LITTLE GIRL.

"The servant who used to dress her, would often say to her, What a beautiful, fine Miss you are!"—p. 96.

THE PROUD GIRL REFORMED.

"As soon as she bit it, she cried out, 'O father, what a nice pear."—p. 99.

to each other alone, "We are *sure*, although our Betsy is such a pretty child, every body will *dislike* her, if she be not also good-natured and obliging."

One day Betsy was walking in the garden with her father and mother, when little *Gertrude*, a neighbor's child, came into the garden. Gertrude ran kindly up to Betsy's father and mother, gave each of them a hand, and said, "If they pleased, she would *stay* a little while and play with Betsy."

They told her she was welcome to stay as long as she pleased; and Betsy's mother stooped down and kissed her, and said, "Come whenever you *like*, my dear—you know we are always glad to *see* you."

Now Gertrude's face was very much scarred and pitted with the small-pox: she had very red, weak eyes; and, besides this, she was very short for her age; for she was as *old* as Betsy, and not so *tall*, by more than a *head;* and she had a *hump* upon her back.

But Gertrude was very *sensible;* she was always in a good *humor* with every body; she was never seen to be *angry;* and she was so attentive to her learning and her lessons, that every body who *knew* her *loved* her.

Little *Betsy* loved her too; but since she had thought so much of her own *beauty*, she was ashamed to be *seen* with such a homely child as Gertrude.

Betsy therefore took very little notice of Gertrude, and would not *play* with her at all; so that Gertrude, who thought Betsy was in a cross humor, said she would go home, and come again another day.

Betsy was glad when she was gone; and Betsy ran up to her father and mother, who were still in the garden. They were standing near a fine, straight, high pear tree; there were many *pears* growing upon the tree;—the pears were of a fine yellow color, and one side of them was as *red* as a cherry.

Betsy came runing up to her father and mother: "O," said she, "how beautiful those *pears* are: I think they must now be quite ripe; will you be so kind, father, as to *give* me one?"

The father gathered one of the most beautiful looking pears that he could *find*, and *gave* it to Betsy. "*Thank* you, father," said she, and bit a piece directly out of it; but when it was in her mouth, she did not know what to do.

It was as *dry* as a bit of *stick*, and so *hard* and *rough*, that she would have spit it out, but she thought, as her father had *gathered* it for her, he would take it *ill* if she did not eat it.

"Do you not *like* the pear?" asked Betsy's mother, who saw what a *face* she made. "I do not think I can *eat* it," said Betsy.

"You may throw it *away*, then," said her father; "but I thought you would have *liked* it, because of its *beauty:* you know, my dear, you like every thing that is *handsome*, and dislike whatever is *homely*."

He then led his daughter to an *old*, *crooked* pear tree, which looked almost as if it would fall down: the pears that grew on it were not *beautiful;* and they looked so *green*, that Betsy said she thought they were not *half ripe*. Her father gave her one of them, and told her to taste it: as soon as she bit

it, her mouth was filled with fine juice, and she cried out, "O, *father*, what a nice *pear!* I never *tasted* any thing so nice before!—How full of *juice* it is!—What a fine *taste* it has!"

"Are you *sure* that you like the pear?" asked her father; "for it is not a *beautiful* pear?" Betsy said she *liked* it, though it *did* not look pretty.

"Pray, then, my dear," said her father, "if I were to make you a present of a pear tree for yourself, which would you choose—the old crooked tree upon which *these* pears grow, or the beautiful looking tree yonder, upon which the *others* grow?"

Betsy said she should choose the ugly looking, crooked tree, with the *green* pears. Her father asked her why. "Because," said Betsy, "the one bears nice pears, that I can *eat;* and the other would be of no *use*, for I could not eat *one* of the pears."

"Then, I suppose," said her father, "you think things that are good and useful, better than things that are beautiful and of no use." Betsy said *yes*, that was what she thought.

"But, my dear child," said her father, "if you think so, how could you be so unjust, and so cruel, to poor little *Gertrude*, as you were a little while ago? You know she is very *good;* and how can you be so cruel to some of your play-fellows, whom you *despise* because they are not so *handsome* as you are?—though they are *better* than you, for they despise no one."

Betsy stood quite ashamed, and did not dare to look up to her father: the *tears* ran down her cheeks; but she took her father's *hand*, although she could not speak a *word*.

"Do you think you have been *wrong* and *naughty?*—and are you resolved to *mend?*" asked her father, in a kinder voice than that in which he had before spoken.

"I am quite *sorry*," said Betsy, "that I should have behaved so ill; but if you will *forgive* me, my dear father, I am sure I shall never do so *any more*—for I now see, that the most beautiful things and people, are not always so good as those things, and those people that are homely."

What bad things did Betsy do? Do you know what the Bible says of some children who mocked a good old man? Who came to see Betsy? Was she *sensible?* What does that mean? Did Betsy treat her kindly? Why? Was this right? Which pear tree bore the best pears? &c. Are handsome people better than others? Are they worse, if more proud?

LESSON XXXIX.

DEFINITIONS.

Haughty, proud.
Mien, look.
Mild, kind, merciful.
Submissively, modestly, without pride.
Frankness, fairness.
Argue, to reason, to dispute.
Revenge, a wish to hurt one who has hurt us.
Deny, to contradict.

THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

Pride, ugly pride, sometimes is seen,
By laughing *looks*, and lofty *mien;*
But *oft'ner* it is found, that pride
Loves deep within the *heart* to hide,
And, while the looks are *mild* and *fair*,
It sits and does its mischief *there*.

Now, if you really wish to find
If pride is lurking in your mind,
Inquire if you can bear a *slight*,
Or patiently give up your *right*.
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment,
And feel no angry *temper* start
In any corner of your heart?

Can you with frankness own a crime,
And promise for another time?
Or say you've been in a mistake,
Nor try some poor *excuse* to make,
But freely own that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long?

Flat *contradiction* can you bear,
When you are *right* and *know* you are;
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait, or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons, one by one,
Nor think of *triumph*, when you've done?

Can you, in business, or in play,
Give up your *wishes* or your *way;*

Or do a thing against your will,
For somebody that's younger still?
And never try to overbear,
Or say a word that is not fair?

Does laughing at you in a joke,
No anger nor revenge provoke?
But can you laugh *yourself*, and be,
As merry as the company?
Or when you find that you could do
To them, as they had done to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?

Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part;
And, when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll *own* that you have pride;
Some one will suit you as you go,
And force your heart to *tell* you so;
But if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to *own* your pride!

LESSON XL.

THE LITTLE APPLE TREE.

"Look *here*, Lucy," said little Charles to his sister, "and tell me what *this* is that is coming up out of the *ground*."

Lucy ran to see; it was a green thing that looked a little like a *leaf*. Lucy did not *know* what it was.

"I will ask *papa*," said she, "he is coming along by here."

She asked her father to look at it, and he stopped a moment, and said that it was a little *apple tree* which was growing up from a *seed*, but that he was in *haste*, and could not stop to *talk* about it.

"A little *apple tree!*" said Charles, as his father passed on. "What is a little *apple tree?* Do you *know* Lucy?"

Lucy said she did *not*—there was an apple tree in the garden, but it was a *great high* tree, and besides, it did not look at *all* like that.

"We will wait till papa can *tell* us."

The next morning Charles came running in to call Lucy to look at the little apple tree. They went out together, and found that it had changed a *great deal* in the night. The green thing was up entirely out of the ground, and looked like two little *leaves* upon a *stem*.

"I wonder what makes it *grow up* so," said Lucy.

"I don't *know*," said Charles. "Would not you dig it *up* and *see?*"

"O no, I would not; I am afraid it would not *grow* any more."

"O, we can put it back again *exactly* as it was before; and it would be so good to find out what it is which makes it grow."

Lucy at last consented, and they dug away the earth with a stick, and took the little apple tree up. Its stem reached down only a little way, and there was nothing at the end of it, but a little *root*. They dug all about there, but could not find any thing which made it *grow*.

At last Charles said he would *give up*—he did not believe he could find out—he did not believe *any body* knew. So they began to fill up the hole, and tried to fix the little apple tree in its *place* again. They dirtied the top of it in handling it with their dirty fingers, and though they pushed it *this* way and *that* way, they could not fix it exactly as it was before. At last they *left* it, and went in to ask their *mother* about it.

She told them that *she* knew what made it grow.

"What *is* it?" said Lucy.

"It is God. He makes *every thing* grow—the *grass*, and the *trees*, and *every thing*."

"But, how can he make *every thing* grow at the same *time?*"

"Because he is *present* every where, and he is able to do any thing which he *pleases*. He is always with you and Charles; and makes your *hair* and your *fingers* and your whole *body* grow."

"Then he is always *in* us, and *all about* us."

"Yes, and he *sees* you at all times; he notices when you do *wrong* and when you do *right*."

Charles and Lucy then went away thinking that they ought to be careful not to do any thing *wrong*. The next morning they went to see the little apple tree, and found it wilted and dead.

How did Charles and Lucy try to find out what made the apple tree grow? Who did make it grow? Does he make any thing else grow? Where is God? What does he notice?

LESSON XLI.

THE TWO BOOKS.

"Mind how you touch my gilded *covers*," said a fine book to a very *plain* one that happened to lie near him. "I wonder how such a ragged fellow can dare to take such liberties."

"It is *true*," said the plain book, "I do not *look* so fine as you do, but I have no *rags* that I need be ashamed of; for while you have been *doing nothing* these six years on the shelf, I have been *read* a *hundred* times.

"*Besides*, although my *cover* is nearly worn out, my *leaves* are sound, and worth a *new* cover; but when *your* fine covers are eaten off by the *worms*, you will never *get* any more I fear."

"I am glad you *like* your rags," said the fine book, "but I will thank you to stand a little farther *off*, for *I* do not *like* them so well."

"For *my* part," said the poor book, "I would rather be *worn out* in doing good, than *rust* in idleness. But here comes our master."

The master came in, and seeing the two books together, the thought struck him that it would be well to put the *good* covers upon the book which was *used*, and the *old* ones upon that which *nobody read*.

No sooner said than done. They were sent to the *book-binder's*, and before night *changed* covers.

He that would be *useful* in the world, must expect sometimes to wear out his *coat*, and suffer abuse from the idle and selfish.

LESSON XLII.

THE BLACKBERRY GIRL.

"Why, Phebe, are you come so *soon*,
Where are your *berries* child?
You cannot, sure, have *sold* them all,
You had a basket *pil'd*."

"No, mother, as I climb'd the fence,
The nearest way to town,
My *apron* caught upon a stake,
And so I tumbled down.

"I scratched my arm, and tore my hair,
But still did not complain;
And had my *blackberries* been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

"But when I saw them on the ground,
All scattered by my side,
I pick'd my empty *basket* up,
And down I sat and cried.

"Just then a pretty little Miss
Chanc'd to be walking by;
She stopp'd, and looking pitiful,
She begg'd me not to cry.

'Poor little girl, you *fell*,' said she,
'And must be sadly hurt'—
"O, no, I cried, but see my *fruit*,
All mix'd with *sand* and *dirt*!"

'Well, do not grieve for *that*,' she said:
'Go *home*, and get some *more*.'
"Ah, *no*, for I have stripp'd the vines,
These were the *last* they bore.

"My *father*, Miss, is very *poor*,
And works in yonder stall;
He has so *many* little ones,
He cannot *clothe* us all.

"I always long'd to go to church,
But never *could* I go;
For when I ask'd him for a *gown*,
He always answer'd, '*No*.'

'There's not a father in the world
That *loves* his children more;
I'd get you one with all my heart,
But, Phebe, I am *poor*.'

"But when the *blackberries* were ripe,
He said to me one day,
'*Phebe*, if you'll take the time
That's given you for *play*,

'And gather *blackberries* enough,—
And carry them to town,—
To buy your *bonnet* and your *shoes*,
I'll try to get a *gown*.'

"O Miss, I fairly jump'd for joy,
My spirits were so light:
And so, when I had leave to play,
I pick'd with all my might.

"I sold enough to get my *shoes*,
About a week ago;
And *these*, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a *bonnet* too.

"But now they're *gone*, they all are *gone*,
And I can get no more,
And Sundays I must stay at home
Just as I did before.

"And, mother, then I *cried* again,
As hard as I could cry;
And, looking up, I saw a tear
Was standing in *her* eye.

"She caught her bonnet from her head—
'*Here, here*,' she cried, 'take *this*!'
"O, no, indeed—I fear your '*Ma*
Would be offended, Miss.

'My '*Ma*! no, never! she delights
All sorrow to beguile;
And 'tis the sweetest joy she *feels*,
To make the wretched smile.

'She taught me, when I had enough,
To share it with the poor;
And never let a needy child
Go empty from the door.

'So *take* it, for you need not fear
Offending *her*, you see;
I have *another*, too, at home,
And *one's enough* for me.'

"So then I *took* it, *here* it is—
For pray what *could* I do?
And, mother, I shall *love* that Miss
As long as I love *you*."

What is a *stall?* What is it to *beguile the sorrows* of others? Who are meant by *the wretched?*

What happened to little Phebe? Why did she cry? Who pitied her? Why did Phebe want a gown? Why did not her father get her one? When blackberries were ripe, what did he say to her? Did she get the shoes? The bonnet? How? &c.

LESSON XLIII.

WHAT THE BLACKBERRY GIRL LEARNED AT CHURCH.

"What have you in that basket, child?"
"*Blackberries*, Miss, all pick'd to-day;
They're very *large* and fully *ripe;*
Do *look* at them, and *taste* them, pray."

"O, yes; they're *very nice*, indeed,
Here's *fourpence*—that will buy a *few;*
Not quite so many as I *want*—
However, I must make it do."

"Nay, Miss, but you must take the *whole;*"
"I *can't*, *indeed*, my *money's* spent;
I should be glad to buy them *all*,
But I have not another cent."

"And if you had a *thousand*, Miss,
I'd not accept of *one* from you.

Pray *take* them, they are *all* your own,
And take the little *basket*, too.

"Have you forgot the little girl
You last year gave a *bonnet* to?
Perhaps you have—but ever will
That little girl remember *you*.

"And ever since, I've been to *church*,
For much do I *delight* to go;
And there I learn that *works of love*
Are what all children ought to do.

"So then I thought within myself,
That pretty *basket*, Billy wove,
I'll fill with fruit for that dear Miss,
For sure 'twill be a *work of love*.

"And so one morning up I rose,
While yet the fields were wet with dew,
And pick'd the nicest I could find,
And brought them, fresh and sweet, for you.

"I know the gift is *small* indeed,
For such a lady to receive;
But still I hope you'll not refuse
All that poor Phebe *has* to give."

What did the little girl give to the young lady who gave her the bonnet? What does *going to church* mean? What did the girl learn at church? What are *works of love?* Ought you to do such works? If the little girl had taken pay for her berries, would she have been grateful? Did you ever read of a little boy who was grateful? Of one who was a miser? Would a miser give away clothes?

LESSON XLIV.

HOW TO BEHAVE AT MEETING.

It often happens that children who go to meeting sit in the *gallery*, away from their *parents*. And sometimes they *play* in time of worship, which is very wrong. It has been said, that "parents *know*, that when their children sit *together*, and out of their *sight*, they will *play;* and that no parent who wishes them to do *otherwise*, will *send* them into the gallery to sit by themselves."

It is hoped, however, that this is not true of *all* parents whose children do not sit with them at meeting. Perhaps they do not always *think* enough about it.

If any of the children who read this book, when they attend public worship, do not sit with their parents, or other friends who are older than themselves, they must remember that God is *displeased* with those who *play*, while others around them are worshipping *Him*—it may be well for them to show this lesson to their friends at home.

When young people go to church, they should make as little *noise* as possible, in shutting *doors*, and in walking to their *seats*.

They should not be paring their *finger-nails*, or be otherwise busy with their penknives; but should attend closely to what is *said*, and try to *remember* it.

People ought not to *sleep* at meeting; though good people have *sometimes* been known to do it.

A man, whom we will call Mr. Arnum, once

heard one of his neighbors use bad words. Mr. Arnum knew this to be wrong.

He therefore went to the person, and said to him, "My friend, when a man sees his neighbor doing what is wrong, don't you think he ought to go to him and *tell* him of it?" "Certainly," answered the man; "have you known *me* do any thing that was not right?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Arnum; "not long since I heard you use bad language." "*Did* you? indeed!" said the man; "well, I *thank* you for your kindness, and will try to leave *off* doing so."

Soon after, on the Sabbath, Mr. Arnum fell asleep at meeting. The man who had been reproved by him for using *bad words*, sat at the other side of the house. He saw that Mr. Arnum was nodding, and rose from his seat and went to him.

He then put his hand on his shoulder, and gently shook him, saying, "Mr. Arnum, when a man sees his neighbor do *wrong*, don't you think he ought to go to him and *tell* him of it?—I think it is wrong to sleep when we meet to worship our Maker."

Mr. Arnum was much mortified, as almost every one in the house was looking at them. Perhaps, also, he felt ashamed that this man should have reason to reprove himself, when, but a short time before, he had gone to the man to tell him of *his* fault.

Is it right to play at meeting? To be paring your finger-nails? &c. Do you think the Blackberry Girl played at meeting? Why do you think so? What can you tell me of Mr. Arnum? What is it to *reprove* a person? Are those who kindly reprove us for our faults, our best friends? Should we be offended with them?

LESSON XLV.

THE LITTLE SIN.

Thomas Barker went one day to a neighbor's house, and when he returned, his mother observed he had a new *board nail* in his hand. She inquired where he *obtained* it, and found that he had picked it up at the neighbor's *house*, and brought it home without *leave*.

She told him he had done very *wrong*, and made him go and carry it *back* again. Thomas did not do any such thing *again* for some days; but after a while he brought home three or four *apples*, and confessed they were not *given* to him. At this time his mother sent him to *return* them, and whipped him *besides*.

Now perhaps some children think his mother was *cruel*, to whip little Thomas for only getting a few *apples* not worth a *cent*. But let us *think* about it a moment.

She had often told her little son, that it was wrong to take *any thing* which was not his own, without having *leave;* and when he took the *nail*, she *reproved* him, and made him *return* it.

But Thomas *forgot* all this, or would not *mind* it, and went and took the *apples*. He was then *more wicked*, than if he had not done so *before*, or if his mother had not *taught* him and *reproved* him.

She was afraid he would do the same thing *again* and *again*, if she let him alone, till he should

become *very wicked*, and steal goods and money, and be sent to the State's prison for a *thief*.

So she took a rod and chastened him *betimes*, as the wise man says, to drive his wickedness *away*. She did *right*, and it was very *good* for Thomas. "The rod and reproof give wisdom."

He was *afterwards* tempted to take things that he wanted, when people did not *see* him. But he remembered the smart which the *rod* gave him: that brought to mind his mother's *instructions* and *warnings;* he thought that the eyes of *God* were upon him; and he did not *steal* any more.

He grew up a *good boy;* and when he became a *man*, he was virtuous and respected.

Now, children, do not say that Thomas committed a *little sin*, and one that was not worthy of *notice*. It is true that the nail and apples were *little* things. But then Thomas was a *little* boy; and with such little fellows, *little* things are as important as *great* things are to men and women.

No doubt Thomas thought as much of his *apples* as a man would of *three dollars*. And would it not be wrong for a man to steal three dollars? Besides, none of us should do any thing *wrong* because it is *little*. God does not allow of *little* sins.

We should always ask, Is it *right?* or, Is it *wrong?* We should not ask, whether it is less wicked than some *other* wicked thing; but whether God *will* or will *not* be angry. Sin is hateful, whether it be great or small; children should no more commit a *little sin*, than they would take a *little poison*.

By doing wrong in little things, when they *know* it to be wrong, children cast off the fear of God, and make their hearts hard. By and by they become *bolder;* and if they are not restrained by punishment, they become very wicked.

Many poor creatures who have been hung for *murder* have confessed that they began with *small* offences, and went on from one wickedness to another, till they became thieves and robbers. They did not love and obey their *parents*, when they were small *children.*

They did not keep holy the *Sabbath day.* Afterwards they stole some little things, and then things of more value. They told *lies* about their *playthings* to one another; then about *other* things to their parents; and finally became *great liars*, that nobody could trust.

They first got *angry* about their *sports;* after some time they would strike and push one another; before they were men, they would quarrel and fight in the streets; and it is no wonder they were at last hanged for *killing* folks.

What did Thomas first steal? What did his mother do? Did he steal again? What did his mother then do? Was she cruel? What was she afraid he would do, if she did not punish him? What did Thomas remember, when he afterwards wanted to steal? Do you think he ever would have been a good man, if he had not been punished? What should we ask ourselves about actions? When we are not certain whether a thing is right, what should we ask? *Ans. Is there any harm in letting it alone?* What have those often confessed, who have been hung?

LESSON XLVI.

FRANK LUCAS.

Mrs. Corbon kept a village school in the State of *New York*. She had a noble mind, and was a friend to all good children. One cold morning in the winter, a small *boy* came along, with a *saw* on his arm, and wanted this lady to hire him to saw *wood*.

She said, one of her neighbors, a trusty man, would like to saw the wood, and she did not wish to *hire* any body else. "*Oh dear*," said the boy, "what shall I do!" "Why, little fellow," said she, "what is the *matter?*"

He answered, "My father is *blind*, mother is *sick*, and I left my sister crying at home, for fear poor 'ma will *die*. I take care of them as well as I *can;* but they have nothing to *eat*. I want to *work*, and *get* something for them."

Mrs. Corbon had never *seen* this lad before, and did not know what his *name* was, till he told her; but she perceived he was a boy of uncommon *goodness*, because he was so kind to his *parents* and *sister*.

He shivered very much with the cold; for he was but thinly dressed, and his ear locks were white with frost. The lady asked him to come in and *warm* himself. As he sat in a chair by the fire, she saw the *tears* run down his cheeks, and she tried to *comfort* him.

"It is not for myself," said Frank, "that I cry. I don't mind a little cold, but I can't help thinking

of the *family* at *home*. We used to be very *happy;* but a sad *change* has happened in our house."

"Are you not *hungry?*" said Mrs. Corbon.

"Not *much*, ma'am: *that* is not what troubles me. I had some *potato* for dinner yesterday." "Did you not have *supper* last night?" "No, ma'am." "Nor *breakfast*, this morning?" "Not *yet:* but no matter; I shall *get* some by and by.—If I try to do well, *God* will protect me: for so my precious *mother* says. I believe she is the best woman in the *world*. If I did not *think* she was, I would not *say* so."

"You are a brave lad," said the lady: "*I* will be your friend, if you have not another on *earth;*" and the tears sparkled in her eyes, as she gave him a *biscuit* with a piece of *meat*, on a small *plate*.

"*Thank* you, ma'am," said Frank; "if you please, I will keep them to carry *home*. Don't you think, ma'am, that any body will hire me to saw *wood?*"

"Yes, my dear little fellow," she answered, "I will give you money to saw *mine*." He thanked her *again*, and ran to the wood pile to begin his *work*. The lady put on her cloak, and went out among her neighbors.

She told them Frank was one of the best boys she had ever *seen*, and she hoped they would do something to help the little fellow to provide for the family.

So they came to her house, where he was, and one gave him a *six cent piece*, another a *shilling*, and a third *twenty-five cents*, till they made up nearly *three dollars*.

They presented him a loaf of bread, part of a cheese, some meat and cake, a jug of milk, and some apples to roast for his sick mother; with a snug basket to *put* them all in; so that he had as much as he could carry.

He told them he was very much *obliged* to them indeed; but he did not wish to be a *beggar*. He chose to *work* and *pay* for what he had, if they would *let* him; but they said he must not stay *now*. He might see to that another *time*.

"We are going," said Mrs. Corbon, "to send the things to your mother; because she is such an excellent lady; and I should like to go and see her *myself*."

Frank hurried back, tugging his load, and the whole family cried for joy. "Bless your dear little *heart*," said his poor blind father; "come here and let me get *hold* of you. I hope, my son, *you* will never be unable to *see* the friends you love: but we must not complain, nor *forget* the favors we *receive*, because we cannot have every thing as we *wish*."

It is thirty years since this affair happened; and the same Frank Lucas is now a Judge, and one of the first men in the county where he lives. His father is dead.

Judge Lucas is married, and now has five children. They go to *school;* and their father tells them, if they intend ever to be *useful*, they must learn well while they are *young:* if they expect to be happy in *this* world, or the *next*, they must love God, honor their parents and teachers, and be kind to all; and that, in this free country, the

way for a poor little boy to become a great and happy man, is, to be honest, industrious, and good.

Why did Frank want to saw wood? Was he hungry? What had he eaten? What did he say of his mother? What did the lady give him? What did he wish to do with it? Did she hire him to work? What did the lady then do? What did the neighbors give to Frank? What did he say to them? Were the family glad when Frank came home? What did Frank afterwards become? What did he tell his children they must do, if they wished ever to be useful? If they expected to be happy?

LESSON XLVII.

DEFINITIONS.

Indolent, idle, lazy.
Flourishing, increasing.
Comical, funny.
Commercial, carrying on trade.
Navigable, that may be passed in ships or boats.

THE IDLE SCHOOL BOY.

I will tell you about the *laziest* boy you ever heard of. He was indolent about *every thing*. When he played, the boys said he played as if the master *told* him to. And when he went to school, he went *creeping* along, like a *snail*, with a *satchel* on his back. The boy had *sense* enough; but he never *learned* any thing—he was too *lazy* to learn any thing.

When he had spelled a word, he drawled out one syllable after another, as if he were afraid the syllables would *quarrel*, if he did not keep them a great ways *apart*. Once, when he was saying a lesson in Geography, his Master asked him, "What is said of *Hartford?*" He answered, "Hartford is a flourishing, comical town."

He meant it was "a flourishing, *commercial* town;" but he was such a drone, that he *never* knew what he was about. When asked how far the Kennebec was navigable, he said it was "navigable for *boots* as far as Waterville." The boys all *laughed*, and the School-master could not help laughing *too*. The idle boy colored like scarlet.

"I say it is so in my *book*," said he; and when one of the boys showed him the Geography, and pointed to the place where it was said, that the Kennebec was navigable for *boats* as far as Waterville, he stood with his hands in his pockets, and his mouth open, as if he could not understand what they were all *laughing* at.

Another day, when his class were reciting a lesson from the Dictionary, he made a mistake, worse than all the rest. The word, A-ceph-a-lous, was printed with syllables divided as you see; the definition of the word was, "without a head."

The idle boy had often been laughed at for being so very *slow* in saying his lesson; this time he thought he would be very *quick* and *smart;* so he spelled the word before the Master had a chance to put it out. And how do you think he spelled it?

"A-c-e-p-h, Aceph," said he; "A louse without a head." The boys laughed at him so much

about this, that he was o' hn?" asked his older
The Master said, "He wa
ing bees stung him out of

You can easily guess e Bob Rowley some of
had. His father tried boy; "he has been out
tion, but he would be getting any thing to *eat;*
was a *fool*, but b ar if my *rice*."
his *attention* to any vn on a cricket, and ate up
fortune left him; h n a good relish. He scraped
of it; and now he an, and looked at the spoon, as
hands in his poc had been *more*. But he put it
rful look, and said to his mother,

How did the la ing I can *do* for you, this after-
say of Hartfor and in obedience to her he ran off
take did he ma whistling and singing as he went.
a dance? Wha

"Well, my dear Octavia, do not these children seem *happy?*" asked her mother, as they walked homeward.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little girl; "their dirty *blocks* seemed to amuse *them* as much as my *doll* does *me*."

"From this, my daughter, learn that God is good to the *poor*, as well as to the *rich*," said her mother. "God has ordained that every body shall be *happy*, who is *good;* and he *helps* every one to be good who earnestly *wishes* to be so.

"Little John wanted all his dinner sadly; but he gave it to a boy who needed it more than *he* did. He put down a *selfish* feeling, and he encouraged a *kind* feeling; and that is the reason he is *happy*."

What makes people happy? Whom did Octavia go with her mother to see? What were the children doing? Where had John been? What did he say of Bob Rowley? What did Octavia think of these children? What has God ordained? Whom does he help to be good? Why was little John happy?

LESSON XLIX.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

Mary Jones, and her brother Edmund, had no *father*, or *mother;* but they had a *sister* who was *older* than themselves, and who was very *kind* to them.

She used to teach them every day, to *read* and *write*, and to *sew* very prettily; besides that, she wished them to learn lessons in Colburn's Arithmetic.

Perhaps some of my little readers may not have *met* with this book; and it may seem *hard* that Mary and Edmund should be desired to study any thing so difficult as arithmetic; but you must remember, that their sister was very *kind* to them, and, therefore, would not be likely to *give* them any thing to learn, which was too *hard* for them.

Edmund was eight years old, and was able to answer directly to any of the first questions in fractions; such as, "Seven fourths of twelve, are how many times six?" and he had attended so closely to it, that he understood the proportions of numbers very well.

But Mary, who was seven years old, was, I am sorry to say it, unable to answer, "How many are two and five," or *any* of those simple questions. She had not *attended*, as her brother had done; and this was the reason she had not succeeded in *learning* as well.

"Sister, have you the *head-ache* to-day? Your *eyes* look sick," said Mary, affectionately.

"Yes, my dear, my head *does* ache; but I will try to *teach* you, notwithstanding, about your lesson, and, if you are attentive, I can make you understand it in a few minutes. What is your lesson to-day?"

Mary's face lengthened *very much*, as she answered dolefully, "It is, *how many gills in a quart?* and, sister, I *cannot* find it out; I've been studying a great while, and I *know* I never shall understand it."

Her sister took a slate and pencil and marked out a circle, which, she said should stand for a *quart;* then she drew a line across the middle of it, and divided the circle into two parts.

"One of these halves, Mary, is a pint; you know two pints make a quart. Now, I will divide this pint into two parts, and each part, you know, is a half a pint; in a half-pint there are two gills, —make a dot for each gill—now divide the rest, as you have seen me do this."

"I cannot, sister."

"Well, Mary, then *I* will do it. I place a dot for each *gill*—now *count* the gills; there are *eight*. I think you understand *now*, Mary?"

"Yes, sister, I think I do; may I take my spelling-book?"

"Very soon—now tell me, lest you *forget* it, Mary, how many gills in a quart?"

"I don't know—I never shall *learn* those hard questions;" and Mary looked very red,—for she was a great deal ashamed of her inattention, while her kind sister had been trying to teach her.

She looked up in her sister's face, and saw that she looked very *ill*, and her eyes were full of *tears*.

Mary would much rather she had spoken *harshly* to her, than to look so *grieved;* and her own heart told her she had done very *wrong* to try the patience of one who had been so *good* to her.

But she did not like to say that she was *sorry;* so she took her spelling-book, and bent her head over it to study very hard.

In a little time, Edmund was ready to repeat his lesson: it was short, but he understood it *fully*, and answered every question *readily:* his sister *kissed* him, and then she said, "Mary, you remember that little *fan* of mine with the ivory *handle*, that you like so much; if you will commit your lesson in arithmetic, *perfectly*, for a *week*, you shall have it for your *own*."

Mary did not say a word, but she hid her face in her spelling-book, and the tears dropped thick and fast from her eyes. It was a long time before she could command her voice sufficiently to say, "I do not *wish* for the fan."

"Not *wish* for it, Mary? I thought you *did* wish for it *very much*."

"I mean," said Mary, "I wish to learn my lesson, to please you, and because I *ought* to do so,—and not for the sake of the *fan;* and I do not want you to *give* it to me, if I *do* get my lesson. Indeed, sister, I will try to learn *better*, if you will not look so *sorry*."

Her sister *did not* look sorry then; but she *kissed* Mary, and told her, if she pleased, she might come and attend that moment to her arithmetic lesson, When the explanation was finished, Mary answered to the question of, "How many gills to a quart?"—"*Eight*."

In a few months she understood all the mysteries of her arithmetic; if at any time her lesson seemed too difficult, she recollected the time when she learned the number of gills to a quart, and would say, very gravely, to her brother, "After all, Edmund, there is nothing like *trying*.

I find when I *really try*, that I can learn *any thing*—any thing, I mean, in *fractions*, and *spelling;* and I remember, when I did not get my lessons perfectly, it was always because I was thinking of something beside *counting*.

I was always thinking of our *blocks*, and how we should make a *temple*, and put the *kitten* inside, or something else that had nothing to do with the *lesson*. I tell you *this*, Edmund," she concluded, with a dignified air, "so that you may know how to correct yourself if—if you should not study well. Come, let us go build a pagoda."

Did Mary and Edmund have parents to teach them? Who did teach them? What did she wish them to learn? What simple question could not Mary answer? Why? What was the lesson, which Mary thought so hard? How did her sister try to make her understand it? Did Mary attend to what her sister was saying? Was this being grateful? How did her sister look? What did she offer to give Mary if she would get her lessons well for a week? Would Mary take it? Why? Did she in a few months understand her lessons? What did she say to Edmund? Why did not she get her lessons before?

When Mary was crying, she could not *command her voice;* what does that mean? Do you commonly *succeed* in getting a lesson, when you study hard? When you are thinking about something else? What is a *circle?* Can you make one with a pencil? When Mary looked *dignified*, did she laugh? Cry? Look silly? What are pagodas? *Temples in the East Indies, where Idols are worshipped.*—What are Idols?

LESSON L.

DEFINITIONS.

Solitary, having no company.
Combat, a battle.
Select, to pick out.
Victim, something destroyed.
Prey, that which is taken by force to be devoured.
Resemble, to be like.

THE TIGER.

The Tiger is from three feet and a half, to four feet high, and from eight to ten feet long.

His *shape* is very much like that of the *cat;* but his *legs* are *thicker*, and stronger in proportion to his body, than those of the cat. His ears are *small;* his mouth is *wide;* and his teeth and claws are *long* and *terrible*.

The color of this animal gives him a most beau-

tiful appearance. It is deep yellow, striped around the body with black.

The Tiger is the most ferocious and bloodthirsty of all beasts. He is so cruel, as never to be contented with *slaying*, so long as he sees any living creature *near* him.

His rage for destruction is such, that he does not *eat*, so long as he can have the pleasure of *killing*. Even when he is not *hungry*, he delights in tearing other animals in *pieces*.

This animal has seldom or never been so far tamed as to make it safe for a *stranger* to go near him, when full grown. *Young* Tigers have, however, permitted *dogs* to live with them.

Neither the *kindest*, nor the most *severe* treatment, has ever subdued this ferocious animal. He will often *bite* the hand that *feeds* him, when he is *starving*, just as soon as he will one that *strikes* him.

In his rage, he will attack every living beast except the elephant and the rhinoceros, and even *these* he does not always avoid.

He is so bold and fierce, that he does not even fear the face of *man;* but will attack the solitary traveller, wherever he can find him, or at a single bound, select his victim from a group of men.

The Tiger seizes his prey exactly as the *cat* does. The cat does not seize her prey by running it down like the dog, but she watches until the poor little mouse comes along, when she *springs* upon it at *once*.

Just so the huge *Tiger* does. He hides himself where the *buffalo* or *other* animals come to drink,

and when one comes *near* him, he gives a bound, and seizes it with his terrible *claws* and *teeth*.

It is said that the Tiger is so amazingly strong, that after having killed a *buffalo*, an animal larger than an *ox*, he throws it across his *back*, and holding it with his teeth, runs off, just as a *fox* runs away with a *goose*.

These animals are so fierce and spiteful, that they never can agree to live in peace, even among themselves: and hence they never run in droves, nor do they *assist* each other in their combats with other animals.

The shapes of the Tiger and the Leopard are very nearly *alike*. Their *colors* are also alike, being yellow and black. The Tiger is yellow, *striped* with black, while the Leopard is yellow, *spotted* with black.

The *size* of the Tiger is much *larger* than that of the Leopard; he is also more fierce and cruel. The Leopard can be tamed so as to be glad to see his master; but the Tiger is seldom glad to see *any thing* which he cannot tear in *pieces* and *devour*.

The *skin* of the Tiger, on account of its singular *beauty*, is valuable, and sells at a *high price*, but no *other* part of the animal is of any *use*.

If the *Tiger himself*, is of little use, his *history* perhaps may be useful; for we must not believe that any thing has been made without a good design.

If it should be asked, for instance, why the most *beautiful* of quadrupeds should be at the same time one of the most *ferocious* and *hateful* of all animals, in his *actions*, we may answer that the Creator, perhaps, intended to show us how little

value we ought to set upon *beauty*, by thus bestowing it on the *worst* of *creatures*.

In not permitting such strong and cruel animals to run in *droves*, the Creator's wisdom, and his kindness towards *man*, are plainly to be seen. For did Tigers herd together, the people where they live would either be *destroyed* by them, or be obliged to go constantly with *guns* or *spears* in their hands to *defend* themselves, and save their *lives*.

Thus we see that the *ferocity* of Tigers, being such as not to admit of their running in *droves*, is the very means by which their causing wide *destruction* is prevented.

Is the Tiger as long as this room? How high is he? What is his shape? Color? Is he cruel? Can he be tamed? How does he seize his prey? How large is a buffalo? Can the Tiger lift a buffalo? Do Tigers live in peace among themselves? What animal does the Tiger *resemble* in his looks? Is he spotted? Is the Tiger of any use? Why may we suppose so hateful an animal is made so beautiful? What shows that the Creator is wise, and kind to man? When do *children* resemble Tigers?

LESSON LI.

DEFINITIONS.

Conceited, having a high opinion of one's self.
Pert, bold, saucy.
Flatter, to coax.
Permission, leave.
Encourage, to give courage to; to make bold.

THE CONCEITED BOY.

When little Henry had finished his lesson, Mrs. Kitty came into the study, and asked her master's leave to go, in the afternoon, to see her *sister*, who lived about a mile distant, and to take Master Henry *with* her.

"You have my leave to go *yourself*, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben; "but as to taking *Henry*, I think he would do you no *credit;* his spirits will rise, he will begin to chatter, and I fear that you will not *check* him as you *ought* to do."

"Indeed I *will*, Sir," said Mrs. Kitty; "I always *do* speak to him when he is rude."

"And I will be very *good*," said Henry.

"And I will keep him out of all *mischief*, Sir," said Kitty.

"And I will do every thing which Mrs. Kitty *bids* me," said Henry.

"And I am sure little Master *will* be good," added Mrs. Kitty.

"And so I suppose I must give my permission," said Mr. Dalben; "but I trust to *you*, Kitty, if he does *not* behave well, that you will never ask leave to take him out *again*."

Thus the matter was settled; and as soon as *dinner* was over, Master Henry took leave of his uncle, and walked off with Mrs. Kitty over the fields towards Mrs. Green's cottage.

Mrs. Green, who *expected* her sister, was dressed in her best gown and apron; and her two daughters were also set forth in their best. At sight of

Henry and Mrs. Kitty, they came out at the door, and gave them a hearty welcome.

"And so, Master Milner," said Mrs. Green, "this is mighty kind of you, to come so far to see us poor folks. Come, Master Milner, please, Sir, to be *seated;* you must have the big chair."

"Nay, sister," said Mrs. Kitty, in a whisper, "do not *make* too much of the child; he will grow *troublesome;* and master will blame *me*."

Mrs. Green, however, still kept flattering him. She and her daughters gave him the first and best at supper, till the young gentleman, by degrees, grew very *pert*, and began to *chatter* at a *great* rate.

After he had talked for some time, as the party were sitting around the table, a large *frog* came sprawling over the little narrow walk, which ran from the house door to the gate.

"*Ah!*" said Kitty, "*look* at that frightful creature: sister Green, I wonder you don't clear your *garden* of those frogs! I would as soon meet a *thief* in the *dark*, as a *frog*."

Mrs. Green laughed, and said, "O, they do no *harm;* why should you be *afraid* of them?"

Master Henry now took it upon himself to show how much he knew. "Those creatures do no *harm*," said he; "they are of the class *amphibia;* that is, of the *third* class; *some* of that class are *very* mischievous; but *frogs* never hurt any one."

"*Amphibia!*" said Mrs. Kitty: "what a word is *that*, Master Henry! how can you use such words?"

"It is not *English*, Mrs. Kitty," said Henry, "*you* don't understand it, I *know;* but *I* do; it

means the creatures who live half on land and half in water, as *frogs* and *toads* do."

Mrs. Green looked at her sister, and said,

"*Dear me!* do hear how he *talks!*"

"There are *six classes* of living creatures," said Henry, being encouraged by Mrs. Green; "first, those which feed their young ones with milk, such as cows, and dogs, and cats, and rats, and sheep: and then there is the second class, *birds;* and the third, *amphibia;* and the fourth, *fish;* and the fifth, *insects*, as *butterflies;* and the sixth, *worms.*"

"*There*, again," said Mrs. Green, "what words are *those* to come out of the mouth of such a *boy!* Did you ever *hear* the like?"

Mrs. Kitty was pleased that Henry should be able to do himself so much credit before Mrs. Green; but she said, "You know, sister, he does not *find out* these things, but that Master *teaches* him; and so you know it is no *wonder*, if he knows more than *we* do."

"*O!*" said Mrs. Green, "but it is a wonder how such a young creature should be able to keep all these things in his *head*, and *speak* them so properly as he does."

Where did Mrs. Kitty and Henry go? What did Henry promise? How was Mrs. Green dressed? What did she say to Henry? Did she flatter him? What did he soon become? What soon came in sight? What did Kitty say? What did Henry? What did he say about the amphibia? About the first class of living creatures? The second? Third? Fourth? Fifth? Sixth? How came Henry to know more than the women? Was it right to be proud of it? Can you name an amphibious animal?

LESSON LII.

THE CONCEITED BOY'S TROUBLES.

By this time Henry was become so conceited, that he could not sit still; so, having eaten and drank as much as he could conveniently swallow, he got up, stalked about the room, and then went out into the garden, having been told not to go beyond the fence.

The first thing he did, was, to pursue Mrs. Green's *ducks* round the house, calling out, "*Quack, quack, quack,*" as they waddled before him, till they made their escape through the *fence* into the next *field*.

He then espied an old *owl*, hid in a *tree*. As soon as Henry saw him, he began to call to him, making a low bow, and saying, "Your *servant*, old gentleman; your nose is exactly fit for a pair of spectacles."

The owl, however, being used to the human voice, took no *notice* of Henry; whereupon he began picking up *sods* to throw at him; this was very *cruel* sport.

Being soon tired of this, he looked around *again* for something to amuse him; and seeing a *ladder* set up against the side of the house, he climbed up it, and scrambling along the roof, he reached the very highest part of it, astride of which he set himself, and trying to fancy that the house was an *elephant*, he pretended to be driving it forward, as if it were really *moving*.

When Mrs. Kitty was ready to go home, she sent her nieces to call Henry. He was mounted at the top of the house, and had the pleasure of hearing himself *called* for, and saw them running here and there to *find* him.

Neither of them *thought* of looking for him where he really *was*. This *pleased* Master Henry *mightily*, and he kicked his elephant, and rode away *famously*, in his own conceit. Mrs. Kitty and Mrs. Green came out, and called Master Henry so loudly, that they might be heard a quarter of a mile distant.

After a while Henry called out, "*O! O!* Henry Milner, where *are* you, where *are* you, Sir? Don't you hear the people *call* you?"

At the sound of his voice, the women looked up and said, "O, Master Milner! you little *rogue!* how you have *frightened* us; and how did you get *up* there?" Henry then came down, and they started for home.

They took a different *path* from that by which they had come; it led them down a long, narrow lane, at the end of which was a little brook, which they were to cross by a narrow wooden bridge. Mrs. Green and her daughters went *with* them part of the way.

Master Henry soon became very rude, and Mrs. Kitty grew angry, and tried to catch hold of the naughty boy; but he ran down the lane, got upon the wooden bridge, and stood *jumping* upon it with all his *might*.

On seeing this, Mrs. Kitty scolded, Mrs. Green screamed, and her daughters ran forward with all speed, but all in vain. The plank *broke* in the

very *centre*, and Henry came tumbling into the *brook*, bringing the bridge down *with* him.

The water was not indeed very *deep*, but there was enough of it to *wet* the little boy to his *knees*, as he stood up. He was not *hurt*, but was covered with *mud* up to his *shoulders*.

Mrs. Kitty was much vexed and frightened; however, she and her nieces soon contrived to pull the little boy out of the water, and passing over the brook as well as they could, some of the party made the best of their way towards home.

Mr. Dalben was walking in his garden, when Mrs. Kitty and her younger niece appeared, leading Master Henry *between* them; for Mrs. Green and her oldest daughter were gone back.

The whole party were handsomely bedaubed with mud, and Mrs. Kitty looked rather ashamed; neither was Master *Henry* in quite so high spirits as when he was explaining his *six classes* to Mrs. Green and her daughters.

"Why, Kitty," said Mr. Dalben, "what is the *matter?* Where have you all *been?* Henry, my boy, what can you possibly have been *about?* have you been improving your acquaintance with the *amphibia?*"

"O, Sir!" said Mrs. Kitty, "Master Henry would not mind what I *said* to him; and he broke down the *bridge*, Sir; and he has been in the *brook*."

"*Well, well*," said Mr. Dalben, "I *told* you how it would be; but make all possible *haste* now; get his *clothes* off, and his *bed* warmed, and I will come in a few minutes with something for him to *drink*."

Mr. Dalben soon returned with something which was very bitter; Henry drank it without saying a word; for he knew he had behaved ill, and deserved punishment.

When Henry had done eating, what did he do? &c. Do you think he did right to climb to the top of the house? Why? Do you think he had a *comical* look when he came out of the brook? A *haughty* look? What is found at the *centre* of an apple? At the surface? Do you think Henry was *delighted* with the bitter drink? Was it delicious? What will make children *conceited?*

LESSON LIII.

DEFINITIONS.

Generous, ready to give, bountiful.
Convince, to make one believe by showing good reasons.
Reverence, love and respect.
Sustenance, victuals.
Furnished, supplied.
Deceived, made to believe a lie.

FIRST OF APRIL.

Joseph and Charles were both of them blessed with excellent *parents.* Both of them attended the *Sabbath School;* and both were good scholars.

Charles was pleasant, affectionate and kind; Joseph was good, generous and just. *Charles* loved a good *story: Joseph* was a lover of *truth.* The evening of *first of April,* Joseph asked leave

to spend with his friend. His mother cheerfully gave him leave.

"Charles," said he, as he entered the door, "I am *tired* of the first of April."

Charles. Why, what is the *matter*, Joseph? You don't object, I hope, to a little *fun*.

Joseph. Yes, Charles, I object to such fun as I have seen *to-day*. I object to *lying*.

Charles. Why, the first of April we're always allowed to *fool* people, and I don't see as there is any *harm* in it. *Every body* does so.

Joseph. I know that every body sins against God; but still, sin is *wrong*, and God will call us to *account* for it. Is it no harm to tell a *lie? Besides*, Charles, I can tell you things which I have seen to-day, that will *convince* you that I am right.

Charles. Well, Joseph, I am *willing* to be convinced, if I am *wrong*.

Joseph. I saw an old gentleman riding on horseback,—I should think he was sixty years old,—the few hairs upon his head were gray. For such men we ought always to feel a great reverence. The boys had wrapped up some *sand* in a paper, on the outside of which was written *Sugar*, and put it in the muddiest place in the road.

The old gentleman stopped his horse, and got off in the mud, and was about to pick up the bundle, when my heart was touched, and I said to him, "Sir, the boys are trying to *fool* you." Then all the boys shouted "*April fool*," and one of them wanted to *fight* with me for spoiling their *sport*; but I *refused* to do it, and walked away.

Charles. That was really *too bad* to make sport of such an old gentleman, who had done them no harm.

Joseph. There was *another* cruel thing that I saw. Some boys had taken pains to heat a horse-shoe very hot, and laid it upon a stone by the side of the road. A traveller passing along in a wagon, with his wife, saw the shoe, and got out to pick it up; in doing which he burnt his hand very severely.

The boys, at the same instant, shouted "*April fool*," which frightened the horse, so that he ran away with the wagon, and upset it, scattering the traveller's things all along the *road*. The woman, in attempting to jump from the wagon, fell upon her *face*, and was very much *injured*.

Charles. *That* was cruel indeed. How did the boys *feel*?

Joseph. At first they *laughed:* when they saw the horse running, they *trembled:* and when the woman was hurt, they were *afraid* and *ran away*. I saw many *other* tricks, where no serious damage was done, but where a great many *lies* were told; and sometimes the *fool* came upon the boys themselves.

Charles. Yes, I saw *one* trick of that kind, and a pretty *good* one too. A little boy, whose mother was very poor, was sent with half a dollar to buy flour. Several of the boys had fooled *him*, and he thought *he* would have a little sport.

He stopped at the coppersmith's and got a hole bored in the half dollar, and put a string into it; then laying the piece down before a store, stood behind the door, and when any person attempted to pick it up, he twitched it in. The string near the money was covered with dust, so that it could not be seen.

He succeeded in fooling a *number* of people in this way. At last, a *drunken* man came along, who *understood* the trick, and *stepped* on the string, and *broke* it, and got the money, and told the boy he was an "*April fool*," and spent the money in *drinking*.

Joseph. For my part, I am resolved never to play "*April fool*" again; for I think it the *worst kind* of lying. Here we see old age made sport of; human life put in danger; a poor widow deprived of her sustenance; and a drunkard furnished with the means of getting drink;—all *this*, and a great deal *more*, to gratify the *sport of children*.—Now, Charles, who are the greatest *fools*, the boys who tell the *lies*, or those who are *deceived* by them?

Charles. *Well*, Joseph, I am of your *opinion*. I never before knew the evils to be so great.

Joseph. Let us both, then, set our faces *against* this vile practice. Let us do all we can to put a *stop* to it.

What mischief was done by the boys to the traveller and his wife? What does the Bible say about lying? Ans. It says, "*Lie not one to another.*" Who are the greatest fools, those who tell lies, or those who are deceived by them? Did you ever read of a little girl who told lies? Do you remember what happened to her? Can a person *act* a lie? Is it right to make sport of old people? Are you *furnished* with books? What furnishes people with milk?

What happened to the boy who was sent to buy flour? Who *succeeded* in getting away his half dollar? What did the man do with the money? What do you suppose he drank? Why do you suppose so? Would it have been better to throw away the money? Why? How many persons in the United States become drunkards every year? *More than thirty thousand.* How may you be sure of not becoming one?

LESSON LIV.

DEFINITIONS.

Mirror, a looking-glass.
Cricket, a low stool.
Reflect, to think.
Deprive, to take away from.

LITTLE TYRANTS.

"Mary, Mary, if you behave so rude and don't *mind* me, when I tell you to stop, I shall not let you go with me to-morrow to pick *currants* in that beautiful *garden*," said Ellen Wilson to her sister, a little romping girl, four years younger than herself.

Mary stopped her play of jumping from the table, and looking at her sister, half laughing, a little saucily replied, "I guess, Miss Ellen, I *shall* go; because mother has *promised* me, and you know she always *performs* her promises."

"Yes, I *know* she does; but did she not add, if you were a *good girl?*"

"Well, you know I *have* been a good girl, Ellen."

"No, I don't, Mary; for I have been trying this long time to make you stop jumping from the *table*, and you would'nt *mind* me until now; and if you won't mind me here at *home*, I shall not dare to take you where there are so many things you can injure by touching."

"Well, Ellen, I *will* mind you; I won't *jump* there any more, ever."

Ellen was a gentle and very amiable child; though, like all children, sometimes fond of a little authority.

Mary played some time very prettily with her doll; but spying a new *book* on the table, she took it, and, delighted with the pictures, refused to *resign* it to her sister, who said, "Give it to *me*, Mary; 'tis a *borrowed* book; and you know mother does not *allow* you to have borrowed books."

"Well, Ellen, only let me see this *one* picture; *'tis so pretty!* O! here is *another*, prettier yet."

But Ellen, fearing the book would not be resigned until she had seen all it contained, said, "Very *well*, Mary, I must go to *mother*."

The eager little girl was so much engaged looking at the picture of a colored *butterfly* on the back of a mouse, she did not *notice* immediately that her sister had *gone*. As soon as she missed her, she put up the book, and running to the door, called, "*Ellen, Ellen*, I have put it *up*." But Ellen did not *hear;* she was in the room with her *mother*.

Mary followed, quite ashamed of herself; for she knew that her mother wished her to mind her sister, who was usually very gentle and kind to her.

"Mother," said Ellen, "Mary has the *book* William borrowed yesterday; and will not let me *have* it."

Mary entered the room while Ellen was speaking, saying, "I have put it *up*, mother; but Ellen *hurried* me so."

"My dear," said Mrs. Wilson, "you did very

wrong not to mind your sister. She is *older* than you are, and knows better than you do what is proper and right; and as you did not choose to resign the book when she *asked* you for it, I shall not take the trouble of showing you all the pretty *pictures* it contains, and *explaining* them to you. Now you may go to your play. I trust you will not be so *rude* again."

"Mother," said Ellen, "is it best Mary should go to that beautiful *garden* with me, to-morrow? I know she won't *mind* me; and she may step on the *flowers*, and do something *wrong*."

"I should be sorry to deprive her of so much innocent enjoyment, Ellen; but if you think you cannot *agree* together, I shall certainly keep her at home; though if you are kind, and don't attempt to *tyrannize* over her, my dear, I think she would be a very good, obedient little girl."

"*Tyrannize!* Mother, I don't know what that *means*."

"Tyranny means an unjust, unkind or cruel use of *power*. You know what *power* means, Ellen."

"Yes, mother, the *President* has power; and *you* and *father* have power, and can reward or punish us. But I heard William reading something to you about a *king*, who was a tyrant; can little girls and kings be alike?"

"If a little girl makes a bad use of all the power she has, she will be as tyrannical as a *king*, who makes a bad use of all the power *he* has. A little girl has but *little* power; so she can do but little *harm*. 'Tis probable, if her power were *increased*, it would increase her desire to *tyrannize*."

"But, mother, I never tyrannized over Mary in my life."

"Are you *sure* of that, Ellen? Perhaps you do not yet clearly comprehend the word; I will tell you of two little girls, though they are young ladies now, the eldest of whom, I think, tyrannized over her sister. I was on a visit to their mother.

LESSON LV.

THE LITTLE TYRANTS,—AGAIN.

One afternoon, I was writing in a room next to the one in which the children generally sat. Mrs. Norton left me, and went up stairs for something, leaving the door open. I was perfectly still, and the little girls did not know of my being near.

'*Caroline*,' said the eldest, 'bring me that *book* on the secretary.'

'O Julia, I can't get up,' said little Caroline. 'Don't you see my lap is full?'

I could see them both in the large mirror that hung opposite. The dear little chubby girl was seated on her cricket in the corner; her white apron spread over her small lap; her dimpled hands placing her many-colored squares for patch-work.

'See, Julia,' said she, in a beseeching tone, 'all my pretty patch-work that I have been so long laying out to baste together, will be tumbled on the *floor*, if I get up.'

'*Nonsense*,' said her sister, 'make haste; I

have done *this* volume, and want the *other* immediately.'

'How can you be so *cross*, Julia? you are doing nothing at all. I am sure I would not plague *you* so, for any thing.'

'You know, Caroline, mamma tells you to *mind* me.'

'But I am sure she *would'nt*, Miss Julia, if she knew how *cross* you are to me sometimes.'

'There comes mother,' said Julia, hearing her footsteps on the stairs; 'we'll *see*, Miss Caroline, if you won't mind.'

The little girl jumped up and got the book. I saw many of her pretty squares fall on the carpet; and the rest were tumbled in a heap in her lap. Julia took the book and began her reading again.

Mrs. Norton came through the room in haste, without noticing the big *tears* that dimmed the bright blue eyes of her little girl; who, wiping them away with the corner of her apron, began her work anew with a patient sweetness, that quite won my *love*."

"O! mother, what a cross *sister*," said Ellen.

"Yes, my dear, she was *tyrannical*. I think, my daughter, you understand the meaning of *tyranny* now. You feel that Julia *tyrannized* over her sister."

"Yes, mother."

"Mrs. Norton, thinking Julia, as she was so much older, capable of guiding her sister, and of being *useful* to her in many ways, had given her power, which she abused; and though her mother found it out in time to prevent its injuring the gentle Caroline, Julia grew up with a desire to tyran

nize, and her manners are far less pleasing than her sister's, who is now the mother of just such a little lively romp as Mary."

"Did I ever see her mother? Does she live in this town?"

"No, my dear, she lives a great way off; I wish she was near us; for I love her much."

"Ellen, I will tell you how you can always have almost absolute power over your sister; absolute power means power to make her do just what you *wish* her to do,—and such power you can have over Mary without tyranny, and without harshness."

"How, mother?"

"By being perfectly *good*. You think I am mistaken, I dare say; but if you will reflect a moment, you will remember many times when your manner of asking her has been improper, your look impatient, and your voice too loud. *To-day*, my daughter."

"Indeed, mother! I was *not* impatient to-day; but waited until she had seen four pictures."

"I suppose you waited a moment, my dear; but had you been perfectly kind, you would have thought how much little folks loved pictures, and what a *temptation* such a beautiful book was; and instead of saying, 'You must not *have* it, Mary,' you should have said, 'It is a beautiful book, I know: and I will show you all the pictures as soon as I have done my work; but you know mother will be *displeased* if you disobey her, and take a borrowed book in your hand.' Don't you think, if you had spoken thus, she would have resigned the book to you willingly?"

"Yes, mother."

"But now, my dear, you have deprived her of the pleasure of seeing its contents. Remember, my dear child, I give you some power over your sister, not merely because you are *older*, but because I think you her *superior;* because I think you capable of guiding her right, often when her frolicsome disposition would lead her into mischief. Is it not important, then, that you should always show yourself capable of guiding her by the patient gentleness of your manners, and by your obedience to the commands and wishes of your parents?"

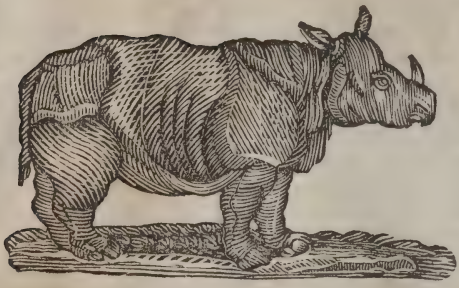
"Oh yes, mother, and I do *try* to be good."

"I think you do, Ellen, and I am certain, my child, that you know how to apply to God for aid and strength, when you feel your weakness. 'And remember, you are never fit to *command*, until you know how to *obey*.'"

Ellen threw her arms round her mother's neck. Her eyes were full of tears, and her young heart full of kind feelings. She said, "I will take Mary with me to-morrow, mother; for I shall be so gentle and affectionate to her, that she will *love* to mind me."

"*Keep* that resolution, my dear, and you will be certain of her ready obedience, and an agreeable visit."

Does this book *contain* pictures? Does it contain pretty stories? Does *enjoyment* mean the same as pain? What is the opposite of pain? &c.—Is it *probable* that idle scholars will learn much?—Do you *increase* in strength as you grow older?—Can you mention a person who is your *superior?*—Another? What does *impatient* mean? Is it right to be *impatient*, when taking care of a little sister?



LESSON LVI.

THE RHINOCEROS.

The Rhinoceros is about five and a half, or six feet high, and from twelve to fourteen feet long.

This animal's body is very long and large; his legs are short, but thick and clumsy; his ears are broad, and stand upright; his upper lip is long, and hangs over the lower one; his eyes are small; his skin lies in great folds, like a thick, stiff piece of cloth; his nose is long, and is armed with a great, strong horn; and his feet are short, ending in three toes each.

The *horn* of the Rhinoceros is used as a *weapon*, to defend him against the *lion*, *elephant*, and *other* animals. It is so strong, that he can run it through a small *tree*, just as easy as a boy runs an *awl* through a small *stick*.

The Rhinoceros lives on *grass*, and the small twigs of *trees;* he also eats *thorns*, *sugar cane* and all sorts of *corn*.

He gathers his food with his upper *lip*, which ends in a *point*, and which he can stretch out a *foot* or more.

He is a *harmless* beast, when let alone; but when attacked by other animals, or pursued by men, no animal is more fierce or more dangerous. He is so strong, and fights with so much skill with his horn, that even the *elephant* cannot master him, and the *tiger* would rather attack the elephant than the Rhinoceros. His skin is so thick and hard, that it is a good defence against the claws of the lion and tiger.

The color of the Rhinoceros is a dark, bluish brown. He has no hair except on the tail and ears.

This animal runs *wild* in Asia and Africa, where he lives in *low*, *muddy* places, for he loves to wallow in the mire like the hog.

The Rhinoceros can be so far tamed as to be quiet in confinement, and to do a few things at his master's bidding. But he is not a *docile* animal, and under instruction behaves more like a *pig* than like any other beast.

He is a *solitary* beast, and loves best to be alone. He seems too *stupid* to take any pleasure in company, and is contented if he can wallow in the *mire*, get enough to *eat*, and then go to *sleep*.

The Rhinoceros is said to *hear* uncommonly well. He will listen with great attention to any sound, which he has not often heard *before*. Even while he is *eating*, if a *drum* is beat, he will raise his head, and hearken to it a long time.

The flesh of this animal is eaten by the *Indians* and *Africans*, and is said by them to be *excellent*.

His skin makes the *hardest*, and for some uses, the *best* leather, in the *world*. His *horn* is sometimes used by *ignorant* people as a *medicine*.

At a single thought, it might be difficult for us to conclude, for what *use* such a huge and disgusting creature as the *Rhinoceros* was *made;* but if we *reflect* a moment, we shall see, that in the country where he *lives*, he may be a great *blessing* to the poor negroes, who might, perhaps, *starve* without his flesh. Nor is it difficult to see that the Creator has been *kind* to this poor stupid beast, for He has given him a *horn*, with which to *defend* himself, and *without* which, he would easily be beaten to *death* by the *elephant*, or become the common prey of the *lion* and *tiger*.

How large is the Rhinoceros? What is his shape? What food does he live on? Is he a harmless animal? What is his color? Where is he to be found? Can he be tamed? What makes him contented? What other animal does so? Can the Rhinoceros hear well? Of what use is he?

LESSON LVII.

ANECDOTES OF THE RHINOCEROS.

Many years ago, a Rhinoceros was sent from India to London, and although he was only two years *old*, the cost of his living, during the voyage, was upwards of four thousand dollars. He was fed on *rice*, *sugar*, and *hay*.

He had, three times a day, seven pounds of *rice*, mixed with three pounds of *sugar*, besides large quantities of *hay* and *herbs*. This animal was of a *peaceable* disposition, and would let a person touch any part of its body, without being *angry*. When he was *hungry*, or when *struck* by any one, he became very *furious*, nor would he become *tame*, and *mild* again, until something was given him to *eat*, when he would again become innocent and harmless as before.

When *angry*, he would spring about in a very strange manner, and often raise himself up on his hind feet, at the same time *pushing* most furiously against the sides of his *cage*. His motions were *quick*, and *nimble*, although so stupid and lazy in *appearance*.

Dr. Parsons, who writes the substance of the above account, says that he does not believe this creature can ever be tamed, so as to obey his master, and that when offended, he believes he would destroy every person who happened to be near him.

Mr. Kolbe, who went into the country where the Rhinoceros lives, says that this animal, in his wild state, does not often attack *men*, unless they provoke him, or wear a *red dress*. Why a *red dress* should make him angry, we cannot *say;* but on *seeing* it, he becomes very *furious*, and pursues after the man who has it *on*, and will *destroy* him, if he *can*.

But Kolbe says it is very easy to *escape* him, although he runs with great *swiftness*, for this beast cannot see any thing that is not right *before* him.

Therefore the man that he is in *pursuit* of, must stand *still* until the Rhinoceros comes very *near* him, when he must suddenly *jump* to one *side*, and then run *away*. The animal keeps *on* for a while, but not seeing the *man*, *stops*, not knowing which way to *pursue;* and thus the man has time to get out of his *way*.

Now can we not see the goodness of the Creator towards *man*, in having made the *sight* of this huge animal less perfect than that of *other* animals? For, could he see all *around*, like the *cow*, and *horse*, no person could *escape* his fury, who should be *pursued* by him.

Does the Rhinoceros eat a great deal? What color does he dislike? Is it easy to escape him? Why?

LESSON LVIII.

MY BROTHER.

Who often with me kindly play'd,
And all my little *playthings* made,
My *kite* or *ball*—though still unpaid?
My Brother.

Who made a *sled* when winter came,
With little ropes to *draw* the same,
And on its sides carv'd out my *name?*
My Brother.

Who after him my *sled* would tow,
Swift o'er the ice, where'er I'd go,
And mark'd the gliding wave below?
My Brother.

Who smil'd to chase my childish fear,
And wip'd away the falling tear,
When the cold *ice* crack'd loud and near?
My Brother.

And who was it that taught to me
The seeds of learning A, B, C,
On paper mark'd them out for me?
My Brother.

Who to the school my *books* would bear,
And lead me o'er the bridge with care,
And *lessons* find for me when there?
My Brother.

Who gathered *apples* from the tree?
Chestnuts and *walnuts* too—for me,
Who cheerful did all *this?* 'twas *thee*,
My Brother.

These joyful days have had an end;
But oh! to me thy kindness lend,
And still remain my dearest friend,
My Brother.

And may I ever *grateful* be
For all thy kindness shown to me,
And ne'er withdraw my love from thee,
My Brother.

LESSON LIX.

DEFINITIONS.

Splendid, very bright, showy.
Brilliant, shining.
Estimation, regard.
Introduction, the act of bringing into use.
Entertainment, provisions of the table, a feast.
Nuisance, that which gives trouble.
Disgusting, provoking dislike.
External, outward.

THE PEACOCK.

The common Peacock is about five feet long, the tail being three feet and a half, and the body one foot and a half.

This bird is very beautiful. The head is small, and crowned with a crest, consisting of a few

straight feathers; the neck is long and small; the body is of a considerable size; the wings short, and the tail very large and long.

Its colors are very splendid. The back and wings are of a slight ash color, mingled with black; the head, neck, and breast are greenish blue, with a gloss, which, in the sun, appears exceedingly brilliant; the eyes are set between two stripes of white; the feathers of the tail are a mixture of green, blue, purple, and gold; the bird can spread its tail into the form of a half circle, when it becomes one of the most beautiful objects imaginable.

Among the Romans, Peacocks were held in the highest estimation; and the person who first used them at his table, as an article of *food*, became so celebrated on this account, that his name is known to this day.

After their first introduction to the table, it soon became *fashionable* among the great men at Rome to eat Peacocks; not, probably, on account of their *goodness*, but because their *expense* was so as to prevent most people from offering so *costly* a dish; so that the man who first undertook the business of fattening them for the markets, made his *fortune* by the trade.

In Greece, at one period, these birds were so highly esteemed, that the price of a pair of them was more than a hundred dollars of our money; and we are told, that when Alexander the Great was in India, he was so struck with their beauty, that he laid a heavy *fine* and *punishment* on any person who should in any manner wound or injure them.

At this time, when a pair was carried to Athens,

the rich went from all parts of Greece, for no other purpose than to behold so great a curiosity; each person paying a certain *sum* for the sight.

In what manner the Romans *cooked* the Peacocks, we are not informed; but at the present day, after the highest seasoning, their flesh is still black, tough, and, when compared with that of *other* birds, but very poor eating.

How long Peacocks were considered a delicious, as well as a costly article of diet, does not appear; but in the time of king Francis First, of France, rather more than three hundred years ago, these birds were still used at the entertainments of the great, though they were not eaten.

At that time, the fashion was to take off the skin, and then, having prepared the flesh with spices and salt, the skin was again drawn on, so that the bird appeared in full plumage, and was in no way injured.

Thus fitted up for service, it was kept for many years, to be set on the table in full dress, on great occasions. At *weddings* and *other high* times, they filled the beak and throat of the bird with cotton and camphor, which was set on *fire* for the entertainment of the company.

For the beauty of its plumage, few of the feathered race can compare with the Peacock. But this poor bird can boast of nothing but *outside show.* His voice, which is a kind of scream, is unpleasant, and even shocking to the *ear;* his legs are black, and so homely, that it is said he will never look at them himself. He is a voracious eater, and devours plants, seeds, corn, and insects. In gardens and planted fields, he is such a nui-

sance, that his owner is often obliged to pay *money* for the *damage* he commits.

The bad conduct of this bird, therefore, makes him a disagreeable companion, *notwithstanding* his beauty. So that those who are well acquainted with him, take little notice of his *dress*, his *character* being a matter of much more consequence to them than the fine appearance of his *feathers*.

Let this be a lesson to those who expect that beauty and external show, rather than good qualities, will gain them respect and influence in the world. The truth is, that personal beauty, like the Peacock's plumage, after being a little while admired, if not combined with other charms, is every where soon forgotten or despised.

Let a person be ever so gaudily *dressed*, and ever so *handsome*, if he is disgusting in his manners, and overbearing in his conduct, he will soon find himself shunned and hated by every body; whereas a person of amiable and obliging manners, if neither handsome in person, nor dressed in fine clothes, will always be *beloved*, and always have *influence*, wherever he goes.

How long is the Peacock's body? His tail? Is it beauuful? Are Peacocks good to eat? Why then did the Romans eat them? Is it foolish to eat things *because* they cost a great deal of money? What would it be better to do with the money? What is all this bird can boast of? What is better for children than outside show?

LESSON LX.

THE LAW OF GOD.

In the State of Massachusetts, the law requires that all the instructors of youth shall "use their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children and youth committed to their care and instruction, the principles of piety, justice, and a sacred regard to truth."

In other States, where there may be no such law, teachers owe it as a duty to God and their country, to see that their pupils have a knowledge of these great principles. This cannot be done, while they are ignorant of

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them: for I, the LORD thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but

the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

5. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6. Thou shalt not kill.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8. Thou shalt not steal.

9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

What is a law in Massachusetts? What is the duty of teachers in all places? Why? Can you repeat the first commandment? The second? &c.

[The commandments should be recited at least once a fortnight, till every scholar who is old enough, can repeat them.]

LESSON LXI.

A TALK ABOUT THE COMMANDMENTS.

BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

Father. Children, how many commandments are there?

All the children. Ten.

Father. Where do you *find* them, Benjamin?

Benjamin. I do not *know.*

Father. Do *you* know, Ann?

Ann. In my *primer.*

Father. *True*, they are in your *primer*, and in many *other* small books for children. But I meant to ask in what part of the *Bible* they are. Can *you* tell me, George?

George. They are in the 20th chapter of Exodus.

Father. That is right. Are they in any *other* part of the Bible, Lucy?

Lucy. I believe *not*, Sir.

Father. What do *you* think about it, James?

James. They are in the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy.

Father. That is *right*, my son. They are all recorded together in these two places, but no where else in all the Bible. They are mentioned singly, or several of them together, in other places, some of them frequently. But if you want to find the ten commandments in *one place*, you must look in one of these two chapters. Can you tell me whose commandments they *are*, or who *gave* such commandments?

All. God.

Father. Whom does God command?

George. The children of Israel.

Benjamin. Us.

Ann. All the children.

James. Every body.

Lucy. All mankind.

Father. You all answer *differently;* but you all

say the *truth*. But, George, what made you think that these commandments were for the children of Israel?

George. Because, when Moses was alone with God in the mount, God wrote them on two tables of stone, and Moses carried them down to the children of Israel, and gave them to that people, as God bade him.

Father. You are right. God gave them first to the children of Israel, and they kept them laid up among their sacred things from age to age; one generation taught them to their children, and they to their children, and so they have been preserved among the Israelites, or Jews, to this very day. But, Lucy and James, why do you suppose that these commands are for "every body," or "all mankind?"

Lucy. Because, all the Jewish Scriptures, "the law and the prophets," make part of the Bible; and the Bible is intended for every "creature under heaven," and ministers are "to go into all the world and teach it."

Father. That is true; and is it by such means *we* have the Bible, with all its precious commandments and ordinances?

Lucy. Yes, Sir. You have told us that the Old Testament books were preserved among Christians after the time of Christ, as well as those of the New; and that the Old Testament has been translated from the Hebrew into the English, and the New Testament from the Greek; and that all together make our English Bible, which we have been taught to read ever since we could read at all.

Father. Yes. The sacred books were brought in ancient times, from the south-east part of Europe to Great Britain; and when our fathers came to this western wilderness, they brought them with them. And now, in this land of liberty and plenty, almost every child may read and hear in his own tongue, the wonderful works of God. Now, James, can you tell me any other reason why the ten commandments are for "every body," besides the fact that the books of Exodus and Deuteronomy make part of our English Bible?

James. Christ and his apostles, I believe, quote the commandments, and speak of them as the commandments of God, and as binding on Jews and Gentiles, and all people.

Father. They do so; and it would be a pleasing and profitable exercise, if we could refer to a number of such places, and read and remark on what they wrote. But we have no *time* this evening; for I want to talk with you more about the commandments themselves. They are indeed designed for all people; for "all the children," as, Ann said, and for "us," as Benjamin said. Now I want any of you to tell me, what these commandments are sometimes *called.*

Lucy. The decalogue.

James. The moral law.

George. The law of God.

Father. You all say right. Lucy, why are they called the "*decalogue?*"

Lucy. Because there are just *ten* of them.

Father. Why is *that* a reason for the name?

Lucy. I do not know.

Father. Then I will tell you. The word "decalogue" means any thing which consists of ten words, or ten speeches; and is derived from two Greek words that signify *ten words.* It is also called a "law," or "the law of God," because it contains what God requires and forbids, and threatens punishment to those who disobey. It is called "the *moral* law," to distinguish it from another which bears the name of the "*ritual*, or *ceremonial* law." *That* was a law which told the Israelites about the sacrifices, and the holy days, and the modes of worship at the temple. *This* law relates to the *heart* and the *conduct* through every day of our *life;* and contains in a few words all that God *requires* of men, and what he *forbids*, both towards *him* and towards *one another.*

George. I have been thinking, Pa, why these ten commandments should be called the great law of God; did he never give but ten commandments to mankind?

Father. Yes, my son, he has given a great many more. But, as I was just now saying, these ten are the *great* commands, given in few words, so that we may easily *remember* them; but in other parts of the Bible, they are explained at greater length, and applied in a great many particular cases. And if any body should obey these ten, and love them with all the heart, he could not hate or disobey one of all the words of God in the Bible. He would, like the Psalmist, "have respect unto *all* God's commandments," and to him "every word of God" would be pure, and lovely, and sweet. Our Lord Jesus even reduced the

number *below* ten. Having said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," he added, "This is the first and great command; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Do you think, children, if a man or a child loved God with all his heart, he could have any other gods before him, or worship images?

All. No, Sir.

Father. If a man or a child loved every body as well as he did himself, could he *kill* any body in anger, or for money?

All. No, Sir.

Father. Could such a man *steal*, or bear *false testimony*, or even desire to get away what belonged to another?

All. No, Sir.

Father. Could a child that had such love, ever disobey or grieve his parents?

All. No, Sir.

Father. Now we will talk no more at present. But I want you to commit all the ten commandments to memory, if you do not know them now, so that at another time I may see how well you understand them.

LESSON LXII.

ABOUT COLUMBUS.

All the *great* and *good* men, who have ever lived, *became* great and good by their own efforts. *Christopher Columbus* was one of these great men; and though he lived about four hundred years ago, and was at first a *poor boy*, people *now* love to *talk* about Columbus, and *praise* him.

He was born at Genoa, a city of Italy, in 1435. His father was a *wool-comber*, and it is likely was not *able* to let his son go to *school* as much as most boys do now.

Mr. Irving, who has written a large *book* about Columbus, tells us that he became a good scholar by "diligent *self-schooling*," and by *studying*, when perhaps, other boys or young men of his age were at *play*.

Some boys, when they go to school, and have to learn a lesson in *Geography*, think it very *hard*, and cannot see of what *use* it will be, to remember so many *hard names*. But *Columbus loved* to study Geography, and he *thought* about what he read.

And when he had learned all that he could from *books*, he wanted to know *more* about the earth. He did not feel *satisfied* with the accounts given of the shape of the earth. *He* thought it was *round* like an *orange*, and that men could *sail* round it.

Columbus wanted to *try* to find another *continent* by going *west*. But he could not build a *ship*, and hire men to *help* him, without *money*. So

he applied to the sovereigns of his own country for *aid*. But they refused to *help* him.

He then went to the king of *Portugal;* and the king *pretended* to think it a *foolish* scheme; but he privately sent some ships *himself*, so that he might have all the *honor* and *benefit* of the voyage. Perhaps the king was *advised* to deceive Columbus by his *counsellors*, and would have acted *right*, if they had not urged him to do *wrong*. But like *most* people who do wrong, he did not succeed. Columbus soon *left* him, and went to the king of *Spain*.

The name of this king was *Ferdinand*, and that of his queen, *Isabella*. The *queen* was much *pleased* with the plan of Columbus, and she hoped he would *find* the country he *expected* to find. She persuaded the king to let him have *ships* and *men*, and *money;* and Columbus engaged to let the king have most of the valuable things he might find.

Before they sailed, Columbus and his men prayed to *God*, that he would take *care* of them, and give them *success*. They then began their voyage, on the 14th of August, 1492.

On leaving sight of land, the sailors felt as though they had taken leave of the *world*. In the trouble of the moment, they despaired of ever again seeing their *homes*. Many of them shed *tears*.

Columbus tried to *soothe* their distress, promising them *land*, *riches*, and many *other* things. He did not do this in order to *deceive* them; for he really *believed* he should *fulfil* his promises.

When they had got far out into the sea, the

sailors were still more afraid, and wanted to go back, and treated Columbus with great *disrespect*. But he persuaded them to continue the voyage a few weeks *longer*, and at length they discovered *land*.

Their *first* act on landing, was to return thanks to *God*, with tears of *joy*. They called the island on which they landed, *San Salvador*. Columbus soon after returned to Spain.

The king and queen were very glad when they heard of the new *country* he had found. They sent him *back* again, and sent many *other ships*. They now discovered the islands which are called the West Indies.

Columbus afterwards made another voyage, and discovered the *continent*, and was *sent* home in *chains* by those who *envied* him. The ill treatment he now received *afflicted* him so much as to hasten his *death*, which took place in 1506.

Columbus intended to use the vast *gains* he expected from his discoveries for the relief of the *poor*, and for *religious* purposes. He was a *good man*. Mr. Irving says of him, "The *Sabbath* was to him a day of *sacred rest;* on which he would never sail from a port, unless in case of *extreme necessity*." "His *language* was *pure*, and free from all gross or irreverent expressions." "He has been extolled for his skill in controlling *others*, but far *greater* praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing *himself*." Now, if you would have a character like that of *Columbus*, you must imitate his good *qualities*.

Where was Columbus born? How long ago? What was his father? How did Columbus become a good scho-

lar? What did he want to do? To whom did he apply for help? To whom next? How did the king of Portugal treat him? Was this right? Why? Of whom did he at last obtain help? What did queen Isabella persuade the king to do? What did Columbus and his men do before they sailed? How did the men feel when they lost sight of land? How did Columbus *soothe* them? What does soothe mean? How did they treat Columbus when they had gone still farther? What did they do when they discovered land, and went on shore? Did Columbus afterwards make another voyage to this country? Another? How was he treated then? How did this affect him? What did he mean to do with the gains he expected to make? How did he regard the Sabbath? What kind of language did he use? Do good men use bad language? Should you imitate good men in doing what is right?

LESSON LXIII.

DEFINITIONS.

Revolution, a change in the government of a country.
Wigwam, an Indian hut.
Conditions, terms of agreement.
Royal, belonging to a king.
Taxes, money paid to those who govern us.
Compel, to force.
Declare, to tell openly.
Palace, a king's house.
Particulars, the different parts.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Before the people who came from *England* landed *here*, this whole country was all a *wilder-*

ness. No *bridges* were made over any of the *streams:* no *roads*, nor any *houses*, except Indian *wigwams.* There was no *plough*, nor *hoe*, nor *spinning-wheel*, nor *loom*, nor *saw-mill*, nor *grist-mill*, in this whole *region.*

Thousands of deer and bears, wolves, buffaloes, mooses, foxes, beavers, rabbits, and other animals, were running wild in the *woods:* but with all the *fur* in the country, the Indians did not know how to make a single *hat.*

They commonly settled near a river, for the sake of *fish;* or by the *sea-shore*, where they could catch lobsters, and oysters, and clams. All the *hard work* was done by their *women.* The men loved *hunting*, which they carried on with clubs, or bows and arrows.

Instead of living together like a band of *brothers*, through the whole country, they were divided into small tribes, engaged half the time in *war*, and *murdering* each other. They were as faithful to their *friends* as the best *white* people; but very *cruel indeed* to their *enemies.* As to *reading* and *writing*, these Indians did not know *one* letter from *another;* and so they were called *Savages.*

Such was the condition of this country, when the first ship-load of *Englishmen* came to Virginia, in 1607; and thirteen years afterwards, *another* company to Plymouth in Massachusetts. These people had to cut down *trees*, dig up *stumps* by the *roots*, and in a little time began to build themselves *houses*, and then *churches* and *school-houses.*

It was agreed that the king of *England* should be the king of *this* country; but the people here were to *worship God* in their *own way*, and to be

free. These conditions were *written down* on pieces of *paper*, with the king's *name* signed to them, and given to those who settled in different places here in North America. These papers were called royal *charters.* The settlements made according to these charters, were called British *colonies* or *provinces.*

For about 150 years, the colonies continued in this way, working *hard*, and suffering many *evils. One* English king after *another* passed away, and a *new* king was seated on the throne. In these American colonies, the people grew *old* and *died;* their *children* became *men* and *women*, and took their *places*, under the same royal *charters.*

King George the Third received the crown of Great Britain, at the death of his *grandfather.* He had a set of men, called his *ministers* or *counsellors*, to help him contrive *plans* and govern his *kingdom.* They attempted to make the people of this country pay *taxes* to them. Many *other* acts they did contrary to the rights of our *people.*

This conduct *dissatisfied* the Americans. They said, 'If King George can compel us, against our will, to use *paper* with his *stamp* on it, and make us pay a *tax* for that stamp; and if he can make us pay him three pence, sterling money, for each pound of *tea* we use, and which he has no *right* to; by the same *rule* he might take our *cattle* from us, or drive us from our *farms.*'

They said, 'The British government has no *right* to tax this country: we have a right to be *free:* we *will* be free; and we will not *pay* this tax.'

When the king and his counsellors were told what the Americans had determined, they were

greatly *offended*. The men called the *Lords*, and others called the *Commons*, five or six hundred of them in *all*, met with the Ministers, at the parliament-house, in London, and declared that they *had* a right to pass laws to compel the Americans to do whatever they *said*.

The news of this affair came across the Atlantic by the first ship to this country, and our people began to prepare for very serious *difficulties*. They chose their wisest men to meet and agree, in behalf of the *people*, on what was proper to be *done*.

These men wrote the king, saying they thought that the persons about his palace, whom he listened to, did not know the *particulars* of our affairs, and were filling his ears with very wrong *stories*. At the same time they also wrote letters to the inhabitants of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, and said they hoped the people there would not *help* the king's bad advisers to practise their unjust and cruel schemes against the *Americans*.

But for fear of the *worst*, the colonists prepared, as well as they could, to take care of *themselves*. They collected powder and bullets, guns and swords, fifes and drums, so that if the king's armies should attempt to *kill* them, or *chain* them and make them *slaves*, they could defend themselves.

Before the English came here, who lived here? What was their food? When did the first Englishmen come to Virginia? How long ago? How soon after did a company come to Massachusetts? Who was to be king of this country? Were the people to be free? What king taxed the colonies? What did the people say? What did the king and his counsellors then do? What did the Americans do next?

LESSON LXIV.

DEFINITIONS.

Militia, men kept in readiness to defend their country when it is necessary.
Devise, to contrive.
Reign, to rule as a king.
Colony, a company of people who leave their own country and move to some other one.
Proceeding, dealing between man and man.
Slaughtered, killed.
Conquer, to overcome.
Bravery, courage.

MORE ABOUT THE REVOLUTION.

The king's officers and soldiers, with their red coats, came over in great *numbers*, to force us to *submit*. The British army took possession of *Boston*, and sent a party of soldiers out about twenty miles to take the powder and other things which the Americans had collected at *Concord*.

As they went they met with a company of Americans at *Lexington*, paraded on the *green*, by the meeting-house. The British *fired* upon them and killed *eight* men on the spot. A number others were badly *wounded*. This affair happened the 19th of April, in the year 1775.

The war was now begun, and both parties exerted themselves with great *vigor*. Many bloody *actions* took place. Our people *again* chose their ablest men to *meet* and *devise* the best plans in their power to promote the American cause.

This meeting of wise and good men was called the *Congress*. The first important thing they did was to appoint that most noble of men, *George Washington*, to be *commander-in-chief* of all the armies which could be raised to defend this country.

After many *battles*, and great *sufferings*, brought upon these colonies by the British troops, the Congress, at Philadelphia, determined to make a *bold stand*, in behalf of our *countrymen*, and to tell all the *world* what they meant to do.

They chose five of their best scholars to draw up a writing, on a large sheet of *paper;* and in that writing, they said the king of England had done many *wrongs* towards the Americans: he had reigned over them like a *tyrant*, and not like a *father;* and they could no longer *bear* such treatment.

They said that, from that time, each of the thirteen colonies should be a *free state:* they should all be united to defend their *rights;* they should form a nation by *themselves*, and have a government of their *own*, and make their own *laws*, and the king of Great Britain should no longer *be* the king of this country. They appealed to all *nations*, and to the God of heaven and earth, for the justice of their cause.

Fifty-six members of Congress signed their names to this paper, and pledged their *lives*, their *fortunes*, and *sacred honor*, to make the proceeding stand *good*. This writing was called the Declaration of American Independence. It was dated the 4th day of *July*, in the year 1776.

The war now raged in a *terrible* manner, and

vast numbers on *both* sides were *slaughtered.* The king of Great Britain hired, in Germany, 17,000 soldiers, called *Hessians,* to come here and help his men to conquer this country.

Our people defended themselves with singular bravery; and, in the year 1778, Dr. Franklin, a learned American, went to *Paris,* and agreed with Louis XVI. king of France, to send a French fleet and army here, to assist in defending the United States.

At the same time, a very noble and extraordinary young man in France, by the name of La Fayette, hearing of the sufferings of the people here, hired a *brig,* and came at the risk of his *life* to save them from *ruin.* He was made general in the American *army,* and passed through many *dangers* and *hardships* in our *cause.* He is now an *old* man, and remarkably *beloved* by all good *people.*

When the fighting had continued nearly eight *years,* and two large British armies had been killed or taken prisoners by the Americans, king George concluded to give up the *contest,* and let the United States *be* a nation by themselves, as they had *determined.* This war is called the war of the *Revolution,* because that by it the government of the country was changed.

Who came over from England to force the Americans to submit? What did Congress do? What writing did most of them sign? Who came from France to help the Americans? How long did the fighting last? What is this war called?

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